

# Sport Illustrated



FEBRUARY 7, 1983 \$1.75

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**BRIGHT**  
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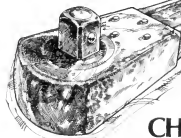
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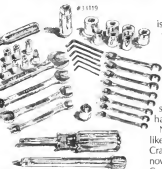
# OVER FORTY YEARS AGO, KEITH PAULEY'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER MADE A SEARS CRAFTSMAN RATCHET HIS CHOICE.



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When Keith had a problem with the ratchet's drive shaft, after 40 some years of use, we offered to replace the entire ratchet under our full unlimited warranty. A warranty which says, "If any Craftsman hand tool or socket ever fails to give complete satisfaction, return it to the nearest Sears store in the U.S.



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and Sears will replace it, free of charge." Keith wouldn't hear of it. All he wanted was a new part.

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And today, Craftsman sockets have thin-wall construction for easy access to hard-to-reach areas.

No wonder millions of people like the Pauleys have chosen Craftsman mechanics tools. And now this 40-piece tool set is the Craftsman Choice from January 30 through February 19. At a savings of over 50%, don't you think it's time you made it yours?

P.S. You'll be happy to know Keith got his part. And word has it, Keith's son is going to get the original tool set.

**Sears**

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Tool set savings based on regular separate power and hand tool catalog prices. Prices and dates apply only to continental United States except Alaska. Available at most Sears Retail Stores.

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### STRESSTABS. The stress formula vitamin doctors recommend most.

Throughout the years, the Lederle Nutrition Research Group has carefully updated STRESSTABS to reflect

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### Advanced Formula STRESSTABS.

## No other stress formula vitamin can hold a candle to it.

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Rick Robey  
Spot-bilt  
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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When Writer-Reporter Bob Sullivan, a convivial sort, closes his door, we know a big story is in the works. Assigned to special projects 19 months ago, Sullivan has worked with the aplomb of Sam Spade on, among other things, stories about cocaine in the NFL and acid rain and now has co-authored, with Senior Editor Jerry Kirshenbaum, a piece on the fitness boom—or bust—which begins on page 74.

think my story on the Chelmsford-Belmont Thanksgiving game in 1970 was something like seven pages long."

At Dartmouth, Sullivan played for the tennis team, skied, hiked and worked toward graduating cum laude in English. After this, he earned a master's degree in journalism from Boston University, but before entering the real world he taught tennis at a country club in Franconia, N.H. This way station



SULLIVAN: HE'S NOW FITTER THAN EVER TO DEAL WITH HIS SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS

"The assignment that really gave my mother pause was a 1981 story on murder in jail." Sullivan says. "An hour after I left an interview in Miami, some windows of the building where the interview was conducted were shattered by bullets from a high-powered rifle." The fitness interviews at high schools across the country were a lot easier on Mrs. Sullivan's nerves.

Despite the occasional cloak-and-dagger aspect of his job, Sullivan calls himself "just your average Sluggo"; someone who owns a bowling ball and emulates the lifestyle of Oscar Madison. But if Sully is a Sluggo, Sluggos must be a versatile lot, because he also enjoys the music of Elvis Costello, the essays of E.B. White, the movies of John Sayles and the fine art of jitterbugging.

Sullivan launched his journalistic career in Chelmsford, Mass. "In high school I wrote football epics for the Chelmsford Newsweekly," he says. "They paid me 15 cents an inch, and I

had its advantages, among them Sullivan's getting to hit a few balls with Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart. In 1978 Sullivan took a job with New Hampshire Profiles magazine, where he soon became managing editor.

Sullivan moved to New York in 1980 to join SI and started a small fitness boom of his own. "The skiing in Manhattan was lousy," he observes, so he took up running and is now a member of a group of SI staffers who regularly change into running gear and take a lunchtime five-miler through Central Park. He also lifts weights in his SoHo loft and plays a mean game of squash. As a result, Sullivan has trimmed off "a bunch of pounds" in the past year. "All without giving up beer," he says with a grin.

*Philip D. Hawbert*



# THE SEDAN THAT DEFINED PERFORMANCE FOR A GENERATION OF CARS UNFAMILIAR WITH THE TERM.

"In the beginning," wrote Car and Driver, "when BMW said, Let there be sports sedans, there were many other companies that failed to grasp the importance of this edict."

What went ungrasped was the nature of performance itself. Which is not just road-holding prowess, or agility through corners, or acceleration, but all of these in tandem.

And that is also an excellent definition of the BMW 320i.

#### PERFORMANCE: THE UNABRIDGED VERSION

Like all BMW's, the 320i isn't so much the sum of its parts as a perfect balance of them.

Its fuel-injected 4-cylinder engine is the basis for BMW racing engines.

Its gearbox is, as one critic observed, "the perfect complement to the (320i's) willing engine."

Which is complemented by a suspension that removes the treachery from even serpentine stretches of roadway.

The result, according to Car and Driver: "maybe the best-balanced small sedan around."

#### VALUE, ACCORDING TO THE 320i

What is a car really worth? Whatever the market will pay. By that standard, the 320i is valuable indeed. According to the NADA Used-Car Guide, 320i's have traditionally enjoyed one of the highest resale values of any car in their price class.

It's also one of the best protected, with a 3-year/36,000-mile limited warranty and a 6-year limited warranty against rust perforation.\*

All things considered, it's understandable why other car makers "are already boasting that their next generation of sporty coupes will feel and drive like their target car, the 320i" (Motor Trend).

If you're unwilling to wait that long for someone else's interpretation of a 320i, we invite you to test drive the original at your nearest BMW dealer.

**THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.**



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## BOOKTALK

by ART HILL

HERE'S A BIG LEAGUE BOOK ABOUT THE SEAMY ASPECTS OF LIFE IN THE MINORS

Why is it that big league baseball players are so solidly, indeed almost unanimously, behind their union, while in pro football there are a number of outspoken dissidents whenever a strike is in the offing? Marvin Miller, who recently retired as executive director of the Major League Players Association, has some thoughts about that.

Most football players, he points out, come to the deluxe atmosphere of the NFL directly from the first-cabin environment of big-time college football. Most baseball players, on the other hand, have spent time—some of them a lot of it—in the minor leagues, so they know firsthand how parsimonious, unfeeling and sometimes downright cruel baseball management can be when it holds all the cards. In recent years, major league players have gained a degree of control over their destinies. Minor league players are still virtual slaves—with no emancipation proclamation in sight.

Miller's theory is quoted toward the end of a very good book called *Beating the Buses*, by Frank Dolson (Icarus Press, \$13.95). If you think minor league baseball, except in the shape of the infield, has any real similarity to the big-league product, this book will starve you. For the most part, the minor league story is one of long bus trips, shoddy playing conditions, rotten hotels, smelly uniforms, insensitive management, cramped, dirty locker rooms—or none at all—and broken dreams. Lots of broken dreams.

What's surprising is that so many who have made it to the majors—and many who didn't—have fond memories of the minors, especially the low minors, where in many cases they formed their most durable baseball friendships.

This is doubtless less true in the cases of those who should have made the majors and didn't. It's a myth, writes Dolson, that "if a baseball player has the ability to play in the big leagues, he'll get there." There are countless instances of men with major league talent who never made it because they were in the wrong



place at the right time, or because someone in authority didn't like them.

But this is all too general. The real charm of *Beating the Buses* is in the anecdotes about the minor league life, real players' personal stories. They are funny, sad, occasionally shocking.

One of the saddest is that of Pat Bayless, the absolutely-can't-miss Phillies farmhand who won 18 games, including a no-hitter, and averaged nearly a strike-out an inning in his first pro season, with Class A Bakersfield (Calif.). Less than four years later, at only 23 years of age, he went home broken—physically and emotionally. There were grim rumors of an untreated back injury, mixed-up X rays and heartless treatment by his parent club. Eleven years later, Bayless is still mentally unable to hold a job, and will need a weekly tranquilizing shot for the rest of his life.

Then, for a sad story that's also funny, read about Thetford Mines, a town of 20,000 in Quebec, that was assigned an Eastern League franchise in 1974 when, to understate the case, it wasn't ready for it. According to the manager, an empty lot was cleared, a canvas backdrop was tossed up and someone hollered, "Play ball!" And they played. Ask Jim Gantner, Willie Randolph, Omar Moreno, Lenn Sakata, all "survivors" of Thetford Mines.

If you're a fan with a genuine interest in athletes as people, you'll find dozens of engrossing stories in the book. Take Jim Bunning, a rare star who returned to the low minors to manage in hopes that he could learn the trade from the bottom up. After five years in the Phillies' system, he was cut loose with no substantial explanation by a man he'd thought of as one of his closest friends.

The chapter on young black players in the South during the '50s will—or ought to—make you indignant at the total lack of compassion among their big league owners, who "just didn't give a damn." Read this sort of thing before? Sure, but I'm repelled all over again by reading it anew.

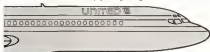
There are first-class operations in the minors, from Triple A Denver to Lakeland in the Class A Florida State League, but they're the exceptions. Generally, says Dolson, it's easy to tell the pros from the amateurs (meaning the colleges). "The pros are the ones who run their games like amateurs. The amateurs... like pros."

END

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## spotlight

by ARMEN KETERYAN

### THIS ADVENTURER TRAVELED TO NEW HEIGHTS, THEN REACHED THE DEPTHS

It's unlikely that Dr. Charles Brush, past president (1978-80) of the New York chapter of the Explorers Club, will ever enjoy the fame of such fellow club members as Admiral Peary (North Pole), Charles Lindbergh (Atlantic Ocean), Sir Edmund Hillary (Everest), Neil Armstrong (moon) or even George Willig (South Tower, World Trade Center). That doesn't bother Brush, who derives his satisfaction from doing. Recently the 59-year-old Yale anthropologist led a five-man expedition in a scuba-diving exploration of the world's highest body of water—a crater lake atop the dormant volcano Licancañur on the border between Chile and Bolivia, about 19,300 feet above sea level. The highest previous dive was at 14,900 feet and Brush's team could only guess what the physical consequences of oxygen deficiency would be on a dive more than three-quarters of a mile higher. The team had no problem and made 11 dives into the frigid lake over a period of five days.

Brush scored a double victory. Not only did his group set an altitude record for diving—a nice paradox—but it also discovered that the lake was teeming with life, including minute red plankton that may be a hitherto unknown species. Samples of the plankton are now being studied at Yale.

For Brush, the Licancañur trip was just the latest in a series of adventures. He made important archeological digs in Mexico in 1961 and a decade later, at 49, reversed directions and took up mountaineering. In the 10 years since, Brush has climbed some of the highest peaks in the world, including Kilimanjaro, McKinley and Aconcagua. He has driven the length of Africa, from Algiers to Capetown, in a rally, raised cattle and sugarcane, run an airline catering business in the West Indies and race-walked in both the 1981 and 1982 New York marathons. He also found time to meet and fall in love with Ellen Sperry, now his wife, during a doctoral class in European lower paleolithics in a Columbia University subbasement. Let Hillary or Willig or Armstrong match that. **END**

A cowboy wearing a white hat and a brown jacket with a white fur collar is riding a dark horse. He is holding a piggy bank that looks like a pig's head. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with a wooden fence.

# Come to Marlboro Country.



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Lights: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Kings: 16 mg "tar,"  
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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The Town & Country Convertible.



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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## 'THE NEWS SPREAD LIKE STEPPING ON AN ANT BED'

SI Reporter Ivan Maisel, who was born in Mobile two years after Paul (Bear) Bryant began coaching the University of Alabama's football team in 1958, was, like other Alabamians, deeply touched by Bryant's death at age 69 last week. He writes:

To those of us who revered him, the title of Best College Football Coach Ever sold the Bear short. He meant more to us than that. His death a month after his career-ending 323rd coaching victory—he lived three weeks longer than he allowed himself in his eerily prophetic and oft repeated comment that if he quit coaching, "I'd croak in a week"—hit the state harder than any disaster, natural or otherwise, in memory. So much of the history played out in Alabama over the past quarter century has been shameful—the schoolhouse door, Bull Connor's fire hoses, the state's continued low standing among its 49 brethren in per capita income, teachers' salaries and such. But the Bear was someone to whom Alabamians could point with pride.

Football coaches—successful ones, anyway—are looked upon as leaders of the community, and, in fact, high political office crooked its finger at Bryant more than once. Governor George Wallace often expressed his relief that the Bear never succumbed to the temptation. Wallace, just now beginning his fourth term in the statehouse, is admired by some Alabamians, loathed by others. Bryant was admired by nearly all of the state's citizens, possibly even the folks at Auburn.



The statewide reaction to his death was initial shock—"The news spread like stepping on an ant bed," a radio announcer friend told me—followed by the sort of grief one feels when a family member dies. People instinctively mark on their internal calendars where they were when they heard momentous news—Pearl Harbor, the Kennedy assassinations—and so it was in Alabama with Bryant's death. Phone-in radio shows were delayed by callers who reached out for comfort, swapping accounts of personal encounters they'd had with the man and openly crying on the air in a sort of down-home version of the Islamic mourners' public wailing. The state withdrew into mourning for two days, and on Friday Bryant was given the kind of funeral normally reserved for heads of state. There were several hundredstoothat floral arrangements at the cemetery.

The Bear, like most big-time football coaches, was probably lionized way too much. But it's necessary to understand what he meant to Alabama. One TV commentator likened the relationship between Bryant and the state to the one that existed between FDR and America

in the Depression. Somebody else mentioned Joe Louis and the blacks of the '30s and '40s. Bryant was a winner, the winningest ever at his competitive profession, and the people of Alabama drew sustenance from that. For all the joshing about "Thank God for Mississippi," Alabamians really didn't like vying with that state for last place in too many things. If we held Bear high, it's because he elevated us, too.

## PRECISE AND COMPACT

Was the good, gray New York Times yucking it up in its agate type last Saturday or were we imagining things? Certainly not the latter, because in the newspaper's sports "transactions" column that morning, right there among the hirings and contract extensions, was an item stating that San Diego Clipper Guard Lionel Hollins had gone on "paternity leave." What was going on here anyway?

Well, the item was more or less for real. It seems that the Clippers, who were to play the New York Knicks Saturday

night, had just arrived at JFK airport when Hollins learned that his wife, Angela, had gone into labor in San Diego. He was given permission by Coach Paul Silas to skip the Knicks game, and he caught the next flight to San Diego. Trying to condense that into a few words, somebody at the Times came up with the paternity-leave reference. Sports editor Joe Vecchione later said, "It is funny, though it wasn't done to be funny. It was done to be precise and compact."

Speaking of precise and compact, Anthony Michael Hollins, the couple's first

child, weighed seven pounds, 10½ ounces. After spending a few days with wife and son, Dad was due to rejoin the Clippers in Boston early this week, his paternity leave having amounted to exactly one game.

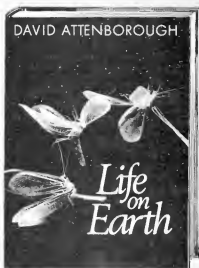
## SHAME, SHAME FOR OLD NOTRE DAME

As John Underwood recently observed (SI, Jan. 10), Notre Dame is a cut above most other college sports powers in insisting on high admission standards for its athletes and in making sure that

continued

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David Attenborough traveled untold thousands of miles to research LIFE ON EARTH. He explored every environment, from the mountains of Africa, to the depths of the sea, to the Antarctic shore, to the New Guinea jungle, seeking out life in all its diversity. He assembled an international team of photographers to produce color illustrations of astonishing beauty, some of them unique photographic firsts. The result is a triumphant retelling of the 3.5-billion-year story of evolution, charged with uncommon freshness, clarity and verve. Its appealing presentation of profound concepts in popular terms has made LIFE ON EARTH "a book to be enjoyed and pondered. In a quite literal sense, it will give you a new perspective on life."

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they're bona fide students once they're on campus. As Underwood further noted, the school's approach to intercollegiate athletics is also characterized by a fierce bottom-line mentality. Unfortunately, this approach sometimes imparts the idea that dollars and cents aren't just important, which they certainly are, but are the be-all-and-end-all of college sports. That was very much the impression conveyed by Notre Dame's announcement last week that, effective next season, it was downgrading its hockey program from NCAA Division I to club status because of financial losses and lack of fan support.

Notre Dame's abandonment of top-level hockey can be traced to the university's athletic schizophrenia, a condition that afflicts many other big-name sports schools. Those institutions are deeply committed to football and basketball, not because these are necessarily more beneficial to the students playing them than other sports, but because they're popular spectacles that make money. Swimming, gymnastics and other "minor" sports are allowed to languish—or are even made to languish. In Notre Dame's case, the school all but melted the ice under hockey Coach Lefty Smith and defied him to skate on. As recently as three or four years ago, the Fighting Irish had winning teams and played before average home crowds of more than 3,000. But then the administration began undercutting the program. It reduced the number of hockey scholarships, first from 20 to 18, then to 16, and it shifted the team from the big-time Western Collegiate Hockey Association to a "bus league" in which it didn't have to fly to away games. These measures were blamed on rising costs and the expense of beefing up women's sports to comply with Title IX. Of course, the football program wasn't subjected to similar scholarship and scheduling restrictions.

The administration's economy moves threw Irish athletics even further out of whack than they already were and probably hastened the hockey program's demise. The actions damaged the program's credibility and adversely affected recruiting, which no doubt helps explain the 8-15-1 record this season's team had as of last weekend. Meanwhile, the administration actually seemed surprised that students accustomed to seeing their football team beat Michigan and Pittsburgh didn't turn out in droves to watch their

hockey team lose to Lake Superior State and Ferris State. Home attendance this season has averaged just 1,500 a game, and students accounted for less than half that number.

In subscribing to the notion that the sports that make the most money are the ones most worth fostering, Notre Dame is following a dubious course. The university's anthropology department, the newest and one of the smallest academic disciplines on campus, has only 31 students majoring in that area, yet school administrators willingly operate the department at a substantial "loss." This isn't to say that hockey is as important as anthropology but merely to wonder exactly what purpose beyond profit the Notre Dame hierarchy thinks that sports really serve. Ideally, sports should probably be their own reward, and to judge by the sense of betrayal that Irish players, losing record and all, expressed at last week's bitter news—one team member skated at practice with the words "Shame, Shame for Old Notre Dame" written on his jersey—Notre Dame's hockey program was indeed rewarding.

The program also was compatible with the school's devotion to academics. This is indicated by the following astonishing fact: Since the sport was given varsity status at Notre Dame in 1968, there have been 112 scholarship hockey players, present squad excluded, and all 112 of those athletes have graduated. Only two of them needed more than four years to get their diplomas. Seen in this light, the hockey program that Notre Dame scuttled last week may well have been the most successful college sports program in the country.

#### NO STRIKE, BUT A PROTEST

There has been a great deal of criticism of the American Bowling Congress lately for refusing to validate some 300 games, including the three that Glenn Allison bowled for his historic 900 series (SI, Nov. 15, 1982). The ABC contends that improper lane conditions can work to keep balls in the pocket and lead to perfect games that in the ABC's view aren't worthy of official recognition.

In Jacksonville, where several high-score games were disallowed by the ABC last year, a professional bowler named Fred Asensio staged a novel protest a few weeks ago. Asensio, who has had five 300 games—the last of which was dis-

allowed—bowled 11 straight strikes in league competition at Bowlarama and then stopped his game to go to the public address system. He announced that in protest of ABC rulings against local bowlers, he would aim to hit only a single pin with his last ball instead of trying to roll a 12th strike for a perfect. He returned to the lane and deftly picked off the 10-pin, winding up with a score of 291.

It wasn't a perfect game, but it certainly was a rare one. The only possible way to make a 291 is to roll 11 consecutive strikes and then get one pin with the last ball. It was just the seventh ABC-sanctioned 291 game in history—as opposed to more than 46,000 perfect games—and the first since 1973.

"I did it for the Joe Average bowler who gets his scores turned down," said Asensio. "I know a guy named Ken Garrison who got hot and bowled a 300 game three years ago. It was disallowed, and he quit the game for a while. Everytime somebody rolls a big score these days, people scream that the lanes are 'walled up.' I'm sick of it."

Steve James, a spokesman at ABC headquarters in Milwaukee, said he was disappointed by Asensio's protest. "Last season 91% of all scores were approved by the ABC," James said. "That's why we have an awards program, to give recognition to good scores. We would have liked to have made an award to Mr. Asensio for a perfect game. I'm sure that's the first 291 that's ever been bowled on purpose."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Eddie Johnson, Kansas City Kings forward, on how he intended to handle the Boston Celtics' Larry Bird: "I'm going to try and force him to shoot from spots where he doesn't want to. First, though, I've got to find out just where those spots are located."

- Bud Grant, Minnesota Vikings coach, when asked if he thought the Vikings' penchant for getting a lot of penalties was "in the lap of the gods": "I refuse to call the officials gods. It's more like in the lap of those idiots."

- George Raveling, Washington State basketball coach, complaining about senior Forward Guy Williams' questionable shot selection: "He has a great average. He's 18 of 19. He's had the ball 19 times and shot it 18."

END

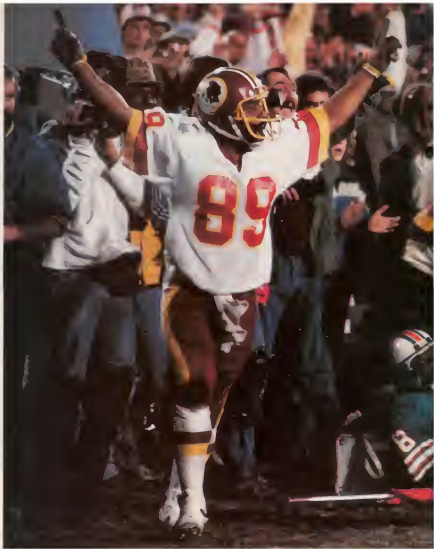


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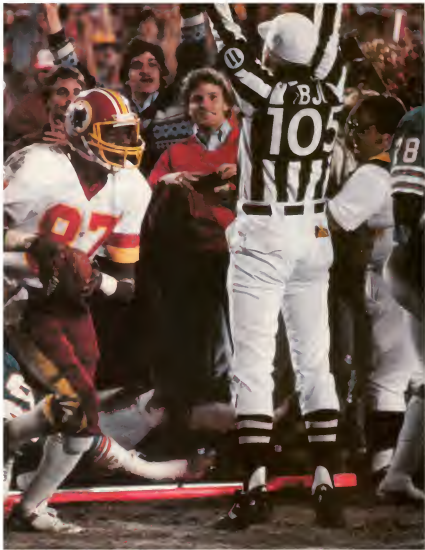
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**Sports Illustrated**  
FEBRUARY 7, 1983

**Hail To The**



# Redskins!

Hail victory! And good grief! The whooping began after good young Charlie Brown (87) scored the clinching TD against Miami in Super Bowl XVII by **PAUL ZIMMERMAN**



Celazo got Miami going in the first quarter, catching a 76-yard TD pass from Woodley.

#### SUPER BOWL XVII continued

**S**uper Bowl XVII—the game, the week preceding it and its aftermath—was molded in the image of John Riggins. It bore his stamp right from the opening gun, the Tuesday Picture Day, when the Redskins' fullback implacably stared out over his sea of questioners, his eyes fixed on a distant point somewhere between Anaheim and the California coast, and it carried his signature last Sunday night when he stood on a platform in the steaming press tent and acknowledged his selection as MVP after Washington had knocked off Miami 27-17.

What he had done on that long day's journey into night in Pasadena's Rose Bowl was grab modern NFL football by the scruff of the neck and toss it a few decades back into a simpler era—big guy running behind bigger guys blocking.

First his numbers: 38 carries for 166 yards, one pass reception for 15. The entire Miami offense consisted of 47 plays for 176 yards. Both of the Riggins rushing figures were Super Bowl records; the carries set a personal mark

He broke the 43-yard touchdown run that gave the Skins the lead, at 20-17, in the fourth quarter, and he carried on the first five plays on their next drive and on eight of the 12 snaps overall as they put the game away. And he did all this against a Dolphin defense that was supposedly set up to stop him.

He'd certainly given enough warning. His three playoff games had produced a work load of 25, 37 and 36 carries, with the yardage comfortably above 100 each time. And if those performances hadn't put Riggins firmly in the front of everyone's mind, he made sure folks knew he was around during the pre-Super Bowl week by posing for some memorable portraits: Riggins, in camouflage pants with an elephant gun belt buckle, wows a packed ballroom at the Wednesday media session, the first time in Super Bowl history a player has taken the mike for an individual press conference before the entire house; Riggins stops the show again on Thursday; resplendent in white

Woodley's troubles started when Dexter Manley sacked him and forced a fumble.

tie, top hat and tails, he draws a standing ovation at Redskin owner Jack Kent Cooke's party on Friday night.

The game had other elements, of course. The Redskins tried a whole battery of fancy stuff in the first three quarters: a flea-flicker off a reverse, another one off a straight hand-off and pitch-back, a tight-end reverse, roll-outs and half rolls and crossfield screens, even a brand-new stunt called the Explode Package that had all five eligible receivers shifting before the snap. But all of it merely served as an appetizer for the meat-and-potatoes main course—Riggins and those big Hogs in front of him.

The Skins played superb defense. They forced young David Woodley to throw too soon, stuffed the Dolphin runners and got the Miami offense off the field in a hurry, setting up a much too long afternoon for the Dolphin defense. But in spite of all this, the score was still 17-13, Miami, in the fourth quarter, when Riggins went to work.

The crucial drive started on the Skins' 46 with 11:43 to play. Riggins hit the left side for seven yards, over the blocks of 295-pound Tackle Joe Jacoby and 242-pound Tight End Don Warren. Then Dolphin End Kim Bokamper stopped Riggins after a yard gain, and Clarence Harmon carried for a yard. Facing a fourth-and-one, the Dolphins called time out.







Garrett camped under this four-yard job from Thelemann for a second-quarter score that made it 10-10, for a few seconds.

"I could tell the Dolphins were tired," Jacoby said of the Miami defense. They'd been on the field almost the whole second half. I could see by their breathing how tired they were, the way their chests were heaving and the steam was coming off them."

Dolphin Middle Guard Bob Baumhower was limping slightly; Bokamper, who had to be helped off the field after that stop of Riggins, now came back. "Bob had been kicked in the leg." Inside Linebacker A.J. Duhe said, "Bo had gotten a jammed neck when Jacoby stuck him one time. Maybe we were tired, but that's life. When you're put in that situation, you've got to answer the challenge. All season long, we've made big plays when we had to."

The Skins called the same play they'd

called before the time-out—70-Chip, Riggins off the left side, behind the short-yardage blocking back, a chunky, little 214-pounder named Otis Womley, and the 240-pound extra tight end, Clint Didier. It broke cleanly. The only Dolphin who had a shot at Riggins, Cornerback Don McNeal, who had followed Didier in motion right, slipped as he reversed direction and could only attempt an arm tackle on Riggins. McNeal bounced off the Skins' fullback, and it was clear sailing for Riggins. At the end of the 43-yard run he was pulling away from Safety Glenn Blackwood, a rather astounding show of speed by a 230-pounder on his 30th carry of the day.

"John always had amazing speed," Washington General Manager Bobby Beathard said. "I remember watching

him run in one of those professional track meets in the early '70s when he was with the Jets. They ran one of those special football 40-yard dashes, electronically timed, and he ran against the Broncos' Larry Brunson and the Raiders' Cliff Branch, two of the fastest men in the NFL, and the shotputter, Brian Oldfield. I'll never forget what John was wearing—suspenders, black socks and striped Olympic Speedo swim trunks. He looked like nothing you'd ever seen, pounding down those boards, big as he was. Anyway, he beat Oldfield by a lot, and he wasn't that far behind Branch and Brunson. His time was something like 4.6."

And that's something people don't remember about Riggins. In his Jet years, before then-Redskin Coach and General Manager George Allen signed him as a

*continued*





#### SUPER BOWL XVII *continued*

free agent in 1976, Riggins was a different animal than he is now. Power was only part of the package. Speed, finesse, balance, combined with excellent pass-catching ability, made the picture complete. "A white Jimmy Brown," was how one scout described him when the Jets drafted him in '71. "He'd catch that swing pass and turn upfield, and you'd see sheer terror in the secondary," said Washington Assistant Coach Dan Henning, who was on the Oilers' staff in '72.

Oddly, the one knock on Riggins was lack of stamina. He wasn't a big horse who'd pound the tackles for 20 or 25 carries until everyone got tired except him. He wasn't a blocker, either, the Jets' attack featured 207-pound Emerson Boozer blocking for Riggins, not vice versa. He was a thoroughbred, and occasionally he'd get tired.

There was a story making the rounds during the playoffs, one of those vignettes that quickly achieves classic status, about how Riggins approached Washington Coach Joe Gibbs before this year's first playoff game and requested more action. "I need the ball," he told Gibbs. "You've got it," Gibbs said. And the result was 136 carries for 610 yards, probably the heaviest four-game work load for any back in NFL history, ending in his iron-man stint in Super XVII.

But if you'd looked carefully, you could've seen this coming. In Riggins' eight regular-season games—he missed one with a thigh bruise—he averaged 22 carries, including two in which he had more than 30. Never in his 10 previous NFL seasons had he run the ball so much. The most carries he'd ever averaged over the course of a season was 17, in his early days with the Jets.

There were other things different about him, too. He'd been a loose kid, with a puckish way of looking at things. He laughed a lot. Once he painted his toenails green before a game. On draft day, when a writer asked him to recount his No. 1 sports thrill, he said, "Watching my neighbor's pigs being born." In '73 he held out during the exhibition season, then got a Mohawk haircut and finally

*continued*

Walker's record-breaking 98-yard kickoff return gave Miami a 17-10 halftime lead.

shaved his head completely. His explanations were imaginative and never disappointing—and never the same. The best of the two dozen or so he offered that year was: "In the off-season I got to observe quite a number of freaks, firsthand. I always wondered what it would be like to be treated like one of them. Well, this is the way I found out."

He doesn't smile as much these days; in fact, he hardly smiles at all. The sense

of humor is still there, but there's more bite in it now, with an underlying layer of bitterness. He smiled once during his postgame press conference Sunday, and he came close to smiling a second time when someone asked him, "Are you doing it any better now?"

"I don't know; you'll have to ask my wife that," he said.

He smiled when someone asked him if it had worried him to go into a game knowing so much was expected of him.

"I was camping out one night with an

old fella named Glenn Jenkins back in Centraha, Kansas," he said, "and I could hear the coyotes howling, and they sounded like they were getting mighty close. I asked Glenn if he felt nervous, and he said, 'I've probably killed 200 of them. It doesn't exactly raise the hair on the back of my neck.' It's like NFL games. I've probably gone through 130 of them, and they don't exactly raise the hair on the back of my neck."

Ganett scoots off on his 44-yard reverse that set up a field goal in the third quarter.



The Redskins are very protective about their one-man ground attack. During the post-game TV interviews Sunday, NBC's Mike Adamle, who teamed with Riggins on the Jets, was talking to Cooke and said, "I played with Riggins. He was crazy then, and he's still crazy."

"That's not fair, Mike," said Cooke. "He's not crazy at all."

"John's contract is up this year," said a writer watching the monitor. "They'll find out how crazy he can be."

Riggins' first brush with contract inequalities came in New York in '73, when he asked for the unheard-of sum of \$150,000. Joe Namath was making \$250,000. No other Jet had ever gotten more than \$50,000. Using a locker near Riggins' the two years before had been Matt Snell, the best running back in the club's history, whose final salary had been \$47,500. Riggins watched Snell's career end with a ruptured spleen when he caught a knee while blocking as a member of the wedge on the kickoff team. "They use you until your can of gasoline is gone," Riggins said, "and then they throw you on the junk heap."

He settled for \$70,000 that season. Three years later he went with the Skins for \$300,000, but he paid the price in a lack of identity. Allen stationed him as the up-back, the blocking back, in an I formation in which he was responsible for blocking for Mike Thomas. Riggins was a thoroughbred who had been hitched up to a milk wagon.

Jack Pardee replaced Allen. Riggins tried to renegotiate his contract in 1980, failed and dropped out of football. Joe Gibbs replaced Pardee. Riggins returned to Washington at Gibbs' behest in 1981.

"In camp he'd finish his morning workout and strip down to shorts and track shoes," Beathard says, "and he'd run intervals, all by himself. He'd do quarter miles, run one, jog one. I started timing him. He was running 10 quarters in 75 seconds each, an incredible pace. I'm a runner and I couldn't do that. Then he'd take a shower and have lunch."

By this season's playoffs a new Riggins had emerged, a workaholic fullback who said he needed 15 to 20 carries to warm up. His rushes mounted and the Skins thrived. Washington established a new pattern that was repeated elsewhere in the playoffs: Use the pass to set up the run. Throw early, get the defensive linemen tired trying to rush the passer and



Theismann knocks his deflected pass away from Bokamper to prevent a Miami score.

then hammer them with your big back. The playoffs produced a rushing renaissance. In 14 of 15 games, the team that ran for the most yardage won. The only exception was Dallas-Green Bay, and in that one a single play tipped the balance, a 71-yard end around by James Lofton. So it was in the Super Bowl. The Dol-

phins had been set up by Gibbs' bag of tricks, but when it was time to win the game, the infantry took over.

It was the kind of thing no team understands better than the Dolphins. Hammer football had been their *modus operandi*

*continued*



The Redskins were trailing 17-13 and facing a fourth-and-one at the Miami 43 when Riggins slanted left with a wary eye on McNeal, who

#### **SUPER BOWL XVII continued**

in their most successful seasons, and when the Super Bowl was over they didn't complain that a break here or there had cost them the game or that the better team hadn't won.

They could have, for instance, mentioned one huge play late in the third quarter when the Skins were on their own 18 and Joe Theismann's pass intend-

ed for Charlie Brown in the flat was tipped by Bokiemper. He settled under it dangerously near the Redskins' goal line, and threatened to do what Dube had done in scoring a TD in the AFC title game against the Jets. Chasing his own throw, Theismann barely deflected the ball, and the Dolphins' lead remained at four points.

Afterward, Miami Coach Don Shula didn't dwell on such misfortunes. Nei-

ther did he talk much of the formations and stunts the Redskins tried earlier in the game. "Their scheme, and it's something I'm sure Gibbs brought from San Diego and Don Coryell, has been constant movement," Shula said. "I thought we were prepared for it. The bottom line is that, despite the fancy things they tried, it was the pounding, the old-fashioned stuff, that did us in."

"Their way is what we called Dolphin

The 6' 2", 230-pound Riggins broke free from McNeal's lunging tackle with some high-stepping, then got to the sideline and, utilizing his





was late getting to the outside because he had slipped while trailing a receiver who had gone in motion in the opposite direction.

football," said Left Guard Bob Kuechenberg, the only holdover from Miami's Super Bowl champions of 1973 and '74. "They controlled the second half and they're fitting world champions."

"You look at the play-by-play," Thesmann said, "and you'll see: Riggins off-tackle left, Riggins off-tackle left, then maybe a little Riggins off-tackle right, an occasional pass by me, then Riggins left, Riggins left, and one more Riggins left. I

imagine if we were still out there we'd still be running Riggins left."

The first quarter belonged to Miami, thanks to one play—76 yards, Woodley to Flanker Jimmy Cefalo for a TD—in which the Dolphins caught the Skins in the perfect defense, a zone in which Cornerback Jeris White had the force, or short coverage, and Strong Safety Tony Peters was supposed to come off the tight end and pick up the deep zone. Cefalo

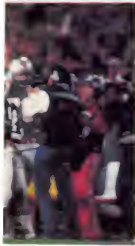
caught the ball between them along the sideline at Washington's 45 and took off.

"We were waiting for them to come back to that play all day but they never did," Peters said. "I guarantee you next time we'd have played it better."

The Redskins put up 10 points in the first half, and they had to work for them. The Dolphins got one drive for three points and then a quick seven on Fulton Walker's 98-yard kickoff return, a Super

*continued*

considerable speed, easily outraced Dolphins, officials and ball boys to pay dirt and the touchdown that put Washington ahead to stay.





Passing or running, the Dolphins went nowhere against the rugged Redskin defense.



Bowl record. There was time for one more Washington drive and the Skins screwed it up, letting the clock run out on them on the seven-yard line when Alvin Garrett failed to get out of bounds after receiving a little hook pass. It was 17-10 Dolphins at the half, but things were looking iffy for them. The Redskins had run 35 plays to the Dolphins' 22, and during the half it was time to start computing in the fatigue factor. Miami's offense had showed no consistency, and in the second half the Redskins had the Dolphins' number.

Miami had the ball on seven possessions after the intermission, and five of them were three-and-out. They picked up two first downs and 34 yards, total. "The Skins played a stunning, gambling type of defense," Kuechenberg said. "They presented us with situations we'd been in before, but it just seemed like they had our rhythm. They had us."

By the end of the third quarter the Dolphin defense was hanging on by its fingernails. Dube cut off one drive with an interception. Lyle Blackwood intercepted a bomb off a flea-flicker on his one-yard line. "A great interception—for us," Gibbs said. "Better than a punt."

A TD by Bokamper on the play on which Theismann knocked the ball away might have saved the game for the Dolphins—the Skins would have needed two TDs in a little over a quarter—but there's no guarantee of that, because the Miami defense was awfully tired.

Some of Gibbs's stuff had confused the Dolphins enough to keep them from overplaying Riggins. The topper was the particularly zany Explode Package, in which the five eligible pass receivers lined up in strange places, jumped into different locations and took their prescribed one-second pause. As usual, a receiver then went in motion.

"We put it in at 3:30 a.m. Thursday morning," Washington Offensive Coordinator Joe Bugel said. "It was at the end of our coaches' meeting. We were trying to think of something special. Someone would make a suggestion. It didn't click. Then someone would make another. We'd have a cup of coffee, a candy bar. All of a sudden Coach Gibbs said, 'How about moving everybody?' And one guy said, 'Now you're talking.' And the Explode Package was born. That morning at 10 o'clock we presented it to the team. Coach Gibbs diagrammed it and said,

continued



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Small knocked Brown off, but it was called a TD for old D.C.

age they wanted both times—Small on the hot receiver.

Some of the wrinkles were more subtle. Warren, the regular tight end, occasionally would go in motion. Rick Walker, the second tight end, who sets up behind the line and who had been going in motion all year, stayed put.

"It's the first time we did that all year," Gibbs said. "The idea of the reverses, the flea-flickers, the Explode, was to keep them loose, to keep them from getting after John. We wanted a situation where John could get decent yardage on first down so we wouldn't have to throw when they were expecting it. In the second half we accomplished that. Give the offensive line credit for a lot of that."

"We got fancy on a third-and-one in the first half because I made a mistake. I thought it was third-and-two, so I sent in our passing unit. By the time I realized we only needed a yard it was too late. [While rolling out Theismann got stuffed by Linebacker Larry Gordon and Baumhower sacked him.] The tricks didn't win it for us. We won it by being mentally tough, by creating the situation where our big guy could put it to them."

The final summation: The 14-0 Dolphin victory over the Jets may have hidden a few things, particularly the inconsistencies of their attack and the lingering fact that they did finish 24th in the NFL against the run. The Redskins' forward wall—the Hogs, and of course Riggins, the honorary Hog—wore them down.

Shula waited until his final possession, with 1:48 left, to replace Woodyley ("I couldn't do a goddam thing") with Don Strock. Maybe Dan Fouts could have gotten something going then, but Strock couldn't get any touch on his throws in those final, desperate moments.

"Why didn't you bring him in with 9:52 left?" someone asked Shula. That was after Riggins' go-ahead TD.

After Brown's score, it was high fives all around again for the Redskins' Fun Bunch.

"I thought of it at the end of the third quarter," he said. "But with 9:52 left I thought I'd give David one more series. Then they held it for seven minutes. . . ."

In the press room they were murmuring that Gibbs, in his second year as an NFL coach, had outcoached Shula, that he had accomplished something against a Bill Arnsparger defense that almost never happens—he had beaten it primarily with one man, Riggins. They mentioned to Gibbs that in one three-week series he had beaten a trio of coaching legends: Bud Grant, Tom Landry and Don Shula.

Gibbs took off his glasses, rubbed his eyes and smiled. The ghosts of last year's heroes, the 49ers and Coach Bill Walsh, might have been whispering to him to be careful. "The truly great people in this profession are great for years and years," he said. "Let's see how I am in 10 years."

"What about Riggins, Coach?" someone asked, and this time there was no hesitation.

"What sets John Riggins apart," he said, "is a champion's heart." **END**




#### SUPER BOWL XVII continued

"Men, we call this Explode!" and there was this yell throughout the room: "Yeeehhhh! It sure got their attention."

The Skins used the Explode about five times and got two short touchdown passes out of it, a four-yarder to Garrett in the second quarter and the final TD, a six-yarder to Brown, at the end of the game. Both came out of an alignment in which the two little guys started out together, almost in single file, then split and crossed into the end zone. Both times the coverage was close. Maybe the formation provided a split second's indecision, maybe it didn't, but it didn't hurt.

Gerald Small, the right cornerback, ended up with the coverage on both touchdowns. The first one was a little fade pattern, in which Garrett ran to a spot and Theismann dropped the ball on him. The second was a crisscross in which Brown started inside and then cut for the corner. Small caught up to him the moment the ball arrived and gave him a mighty push out of bounds, but the official ruled Brown had been forced out, and the touchdown stood.

The point is that however they did it, the Redskins wound up with the cover-



# Billy Cracks The Vault

Records are falling as Billy Olson leads a U.S. resurgence in an event it used to dominate—pole vaulting

by CRAIG NEFF

Having finished an afternoon workout with his former teammates at Abilene Christian University, Billy Olson walks out of the Elmer Gray Stadium with a first-time visitor to Abilene. Pausing, they look around at the parched flatlands of western Texas. With a 16' 5" fiber-glass pole in his hands, Olson probably could vault over everything that grows or grazes between Dallas and Odessa, but without his Swiss-made vaulting glasses on he can't tell if he's staring at a stand of pecan trees or the Swiss Alps. He's almost as helpless as he was three years ago when the lenses of his photosensitive spectacles suddenly turned black while he was competing on the European circuit, and he very briefly became sort of a Ray Charles of vaulting. "Not a whole lot to see, is there?" he finally says. This calls to mind the recent words of his best friend and training partner, Brad Pursley: "Olse, you are blinder than a dang old bat."

There is in fact plenty to see in Abilene this winter, and at indoor track meets from Ottawa to San Diego, too. It's Olson himself, the drawing, amiable 24-year-old who has set six indoor world

Look, Ma, I'm No. 1! Olson has raised the indoor mark to 18' 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ ", and he's not done.

records in the last 13 months and led a U.S. resurgence in the pole vault. He's already raised the indoor mark from 18' 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ " to 18' 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ "—his latest record coming two weeks ago at the Sunkist meet in Los Angeles—and he could well become history's first indoor 19-footer this season. "I know 19 is in me," he says. "It's just a matter of when and where." For an instant it looked as if that time had come at the Millrose Games last Friday, when Olson tipped the bar off at 19'  $\frac{1}{4}$ " after winning the vault at 18' 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ ".

Olson's height (6' 2"), speed (10.5 for 100 meters), excellent technique and upper-body strength make him a nearly ideal vaulter. Aside from his vision, his only problems are a left hamstring that sometimes tightens up, a left arm with limited flexibility and allergies that often force him to carry an inhaler and make him look rheumy-eyed. "I'm allergic to dust, pollen, cats, mold and, most of all, cold," he says.

When competing, Olson is apparently oblivious to pressure. At the Sunkist meet he sipped black coffee and lounged back on the vault pad before his record jump, seemingly preparing himself for a catnap rather than a try at a record height. And he likes nothing better than to exchange jokes with Pursley on the runway right before a big jump. At last year's Jack-in-the-Box meet in San Diego, for example, Olson was about to attempt a then world-record 18' 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ " when Pursley came up and whispered, "If you make this, I'll take my shorts off and run around the track." Thus motivated, Olson of course cleared on his second attempt. "But Pursley was gone in a flash. I looked everywhere," Olson grumbles.

To understand how far American pole vaulting had slipped before Olson attained the world's No. 1 ranking last year, check the record book: U.S. vaulters not only broke the 15-, 16- and 17-foot barriers (Cornelius Warmerdam, bamboo pole, 1940; John Uelses, fiber glass, 1962; and John Pennel, fiber glass, 1963, respectively) but won every Olympic gold medal from the start of the modern Games in 1896 through 1968 and held the world's No. 1 ranking every year through 1969. Since then, however, the

U.S. hasn't won an Olympic gold in vaulting, and only two Americans besides Olson have ranked first in the world, Steve Smith in 1973 and Dave Roberts in 1976. When the 18-foot mark fell in 1970, the historic vaulter was a Greek, Chrys Papanicolaou; at 19 feet it was Thierry Vigneron of France, whose June 1981 jump of 19'  $\frac{1}{4}$ " was followed six days later by the current world outdoor record of 19'  $\frac{3}{4}$ " by Vladimir Polyakov of the Soviet Union. That same year, 1981, only one American, Earl Bell, made the world's top 10, placing sixth. As if that weren't humbling enough, the U.S. also lost its top vaulter of 1980, Oregon's Tom Hintnaus, to fashion designer Calvin Klein, who saw Hintnaus jogging on the street one day and promptly signed the vaulter to a contract to model his line of men's bikini briefs.

Last year, however, the U.S. vaulters rebounded, with Olson assuming the world's No. 1 position, Indiana junior Dave Volz (who raised the American outdoor mark twice, to 18' 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ " placing second, and Dan Ripley ranking sixth. "Now it's like the old days," says Ripley, 29, who set five world indoor records himself between 1975 and 1979. Says Volz, "Nineteen isn't the barrier some folks make it out to be. I expect us to reach 19' 6". Even Hintnaus, whose picture adorns a billboard in New York's Times Square, has left vaulting come between him and his Calvins and is in serious training again.

Aside from Olson and Pursley, who are harder to separate than hair and gum, the most promising of the young U.S. vaulters are Volz and Oklahoma State sophomore Joe Dial. Volz, who sat out all of January after minor ankle surgery, holds the American junior record of 18' 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", and Dial the national high school mark of 18' 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". And in the finest tradition of vaulting, each seems to swing on slightly loose hinges.

Volz is a curious combination of reticence and daring, unafraid to leap brashly off catwalks 55 feet high in Indiana's field house but inconceivably even with his good friends. A burly 5' 11" and 185 pounds, Volz has tremendous upper-body strength. "He's an animal," says Olson. "He goes down that runway so hard he's almost out of control."

Volz also has such quick reactions that he has popularized "Volzing." If he hits the crossbar on a vault, he will reach out with his left hand, grab the bar and steady it on the standards while still suspended in midair. On his first American record jump last summer, a leap of 18' 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ " at Durham, N.C., Volz bent the crossbar about a foot downward as his body scraped over it, yet kept it from falling with a deft left. So far, there's nothing in the rule book to penalize such "saved" jumps, but that could change. "Volzing" ruins the event," says Bell. "If you miss, you should miss."

Volz's versatility—he had high school

continued



Olson makes a happy landing in the Millrose Games.



#### POLE VAULTERS continued

marks of 6' 8" in the high jump, 23' 1 1/2" in the long jump and 14.25 in the 110-meter hurdles—makes him a possible Olympic decathlete in 1988. Around Bloomington, Volz is famous for cliff-diving into the area's water-filled limestone quarries from as high as 100 feet, but he has at least once refused to try cliff-climbing. "The water may tear an arm off," he says, "but solid ground'll tear everything off."

Dial, from Marlow, Okla., is second only to the master himself at Volzing and is perhaps the most easily identifiable vaulter at a meet. "Joe always smells like a grease monkey," says Bell. While other vaulters improve their grip on the pole by using two-sided tape and either chalk or fighter fluid (which makes the glue on the tape gummy), Dial treats his grip with gasket sealer.

Dial also stands out physically. "Joe's a little baty skinny old kid," says Olson. "Maybe 5' 8", 5' 9". Doesn't have a muscle. Doesn't know what a muscle is." In fact, Dial weighs only 138 pounds yet is able to handle a 175-pound-test pole because he vaults in a European style, pushing harder into the pole with his left (lower) arm at takeoff and thereby put-

ting extra arc into it for extra spring.

Dial, whose jump of 18' 4 1/2" in Oklahoma City two weeks ago makes him the No. 2 U.S. vaulter so far this indoor season, learned the sport from his father, Earl Dean, a disabled welder who serves as Oklahoma State's unpaid vaulting coach. "Everybody in my family can vault," says Joe, "except one of my brothers; who got scared of it one time when the standard fell and almost chopped his ear off." Earl Dean Dial rigged up all manner of poles and pits for young Joe, who began vaulting when he was 5 and often worked out three times a day. "We'd sand poles down, tape 'em all up, put backshot in the end, turn 'em upside down, you name it," recalls Joe. His only bad experience with the event came last summer, his first in Europe, when his sponsoring club deserted him and his vaulting rhythm did, too. "Some of the American vaulters told me, 'You ain't worth a crap. You ought to go home.'" says Dial. "That pretty well psyched me up for this year."

Pursley and Olson keep each other pumped up 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. "We can't do anything without making it a competition, putting down a little side bet," says Pursley, who grew up on a 250-acre wheat farm in Merkel, Tex-

as, just 15 miles from Olson and ACU. "Of course, I lack Billy like a dog every time."

"Except when I beat you like a drum, which is always," answers Olson.

The rivalry, which carries over into weight, gymnastics and actual vaulting workouts, has made better jumpers out of them both but has especially benefited Pursley. He came to Abilene Christian in 1978 as a 14' high school vaulter, yet improved to 17' in his first year at the school, to 18' 3/4" in 1980 and to 18' 5 1/2" last year. "Brad might, if not this year then next year, be the best vaulter around," says Bell. "He's just a natural athlete. He was a good football player when he was young. He's good at everything, and real likable. He's the kind of guy you'd like to see win the gold medal in '84. He might do it, too. If I had to pick now, I guess I'd pick him."

Surprisingly, Abilene Christian, a small (enrollment: 4,500) Church of Christ-affiliated school whose most famous athlete is 1956 Olympic gold medal sprinter Bobby Morrow, has become the nation's No. 1 collegiate pole-vaulting power. This season it has an unprecedented three 18-foot vaulters on the team (Pursley, Tim Bright and Dale Jenkins) besides Olson, whose collegiate eligibility ended in 1982. ACU Coach Don Hood himself was only a 10' 6" vaulter back in the 1940s, but he enjoyed working with his coach at Tulare (Calif.)



Hood demonstrates vaulting contortions to Olson and his good ol' buddy Pursley (right).

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Union High, Virgil Jackson, who was a pioneer of the fiber-glass pole. "Brend and Billy have gotten to the level now," says Hood, "where all I'm really concerned with is increasing their strength and speed, which to me are synonymous. If you build strength, you build speed."

With that in mind, Olson and Pursley lifted weights fanatically in the off-season. "Crazy weights, unbelievable weights," says Olson, who added eight pounds of muscle. Ironically, injuries suffered in September 1980 that had threatened to end Olson's career actually helped his training. He shattered his left wrist and dislocated his elbow in a training fall. Those injuries prevented Olson, who had cleared 18' 7½" that year, from vaulting at all indoors in 1981 and gave him a left arm he can't twist enough to handle barbells. When he began lifting with dumbbells, he was pleased to find that they allowed him to increase strength more rapidly than he ever had with barbells.

Besides, Olson may have done enough barbell work by the age of 10 to last him a lifetime. His father, Bill Olson Sr., who at the time was the Abilene city personnel director, started him lifting on the living-room rug when he was 5. "Then he'd send me out to do chin-ups on these big old monkey bars in the back," says Billy. "Every time company came over he'd drag them out and bet them on how many chins I could do. They'd guess about 10 and I'd do about 60. I thought that's where my future lay for a long time: pro chinning."

While at Abilene High Olson was a troublemaker with a seemingly dim future, traveling with a fast crowd. He played some golf, but only when a friend introduced him to vaulting the summer before his junior year did he begin to take athletics seriously. "I had been a total nobody all my life," he says. "My dad said I was a bum and I probably was. It was just that I was always so small. In ninth grade I was 5' 6" and 90 pounds. When I graduated I was 6' 2" and 135, which isn't much better." By that time, however, Olson had broken the Texas state high school record with a vault of 15' 10".

He had also met Pursley. "I remember the first time I saw him," says Pursley. "It was at a high school basketball game and a friend pointed him out. I'd heard about his vaulting, so I couldn't believe my eyes. I saw this bony, skinny guy with hair halfway down his back, shirttail all

Dial, 5' 8" and 138 pounds, uses technique and gasket cement to reach record range.

untucked. He looked like a dadgum full-fledged drunk."

"Meeting you was the worst day of my life," answers Olson. "If I hadn't unearthed your talent I wouldn't have to worry about almost anybody in these meets." But oh, how boring life would be. Olson and Pursley are always out golfing or waterskiing or fishing or riding their motorcycles.

More often they're arguing. They argue about whether Olson's younger sister, Oonna, who was named "Abilene's Miss 10" a few years ago, is prettier than Bo Derek. "She is," says Olson, "and my older sister's even prettier." They argue about their achievements. "I'm the only vaulter around who's never lost to the Russians," says Olson.

"World Cup, buddy. Volkov dusted you off by a foot."

"I meant dual meets."

At one time they both had shows on the school radio station, KACU, which plays Top 40 music. The two would do the news on each other's shows and carry out sabotage whenever possible. Pursley's forte was to kick the turntable just as Olson began a song. "And now, here is the No. 1 hit this week, *gzzzzzz*!"

Olson's girl friend of three years, former ACU student Suzanne Levy, has toned down the wildness that Olson evidenced both in high school and a semester spent at Baylor at the start of his college career. ("Our vault practice was running two miles a day," says Olson. "By Christmas break I'd forgotten how to plant a pole.") She brought him into the Church of Christ and together they direct a Bible study group of ninth-graders each Wednesday night. Olson is even looking ahead to a more stable, long-term profession than pole vaulting: He wants to join SOS Bail Bond, a business established by his father and professional wrestler Oon (The Lawman) Slatton.

Before doing so, however, he will finish the indoor circuit and, he hopes, become the first American to clear 19 feet. "If I can be the first 19 indoors, that'll be something to remember," says Olson. "But hopefully I'll get enough records along the way that they'll remember me even if I don't." He needn't worry; he's already done his bit to bail out the U.S.'s reputation in the pole vault. **END**



# IS CIGARETTE ADVERTISING A MAJOR REASON WHY KIDS SMOKE? NO.

Advertising is consistently ranked among the least important factors influencing college students to start smoking, according to a study by a professor of psychology who heads a prominent university research center.

That finding is typical. Because the fact is, cigarette advertising is not designed to induce people to start smoking, kids or anybody else. Its objective is to promote brand identification and brand loyalty among people who already smoke.

So why do kids start smoking? In a recent study of teenage smoking habits in which 1500 students were interviewed, the



# most asked questions about cigarettes.

students themselves named peer pressure as the most important influence in the initiation of smoking.

In a statement submitted at a recent congressional hearing, a noted California psychologist said that smoking behavior is a complex behavior determined by the interaction of several influences. This expert concluded that no single factor determines smoking behavior all the time.

Whatever the reasons for smoking may be, research shows that the smoking rate among teenagers has declined in the last several years. According to an American Cancer Society report based on a Government-funded study, teenage male smoking rates have dropped by one third to the lowest level since 1964.

This study revealed that during 1974-79, the relative decrease in smoking rates among teenage males was 32 percent. Among teenage females, 17 percent. Overall (see chart), the relative decrease among teenagers was 25 percent.

A more recent study conducted for a Government agency showed continuing declines among teenagers through 1981.

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discussion of this important public issue is in the public interest.



The relative decrease among teenage smokers was 25 percent during 1974-79.

Source: 1979 "Teenage Smoking" study for U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.



## WEIGH BOTH SIDES BEFORE YOU TAKE SIDES.



In the eight conferences with shot clocks, long stalls are out and comebacks are in.

Scott Simcik of Alabama in Birmingham, who probably wouldn't be playing except for his 57.1% three-point shooting), villains (every official who has failed to recognize a three-point attempt) and tragic figures (Guard Dereck Whittenburg of North Carolina State who broke his right foot while attempting a three-pointer in the second half of a game against Virginia after he had made seven such shots in a 27-point first half). And for comic relief there's Terrell, the freshman with the oversized sneakers. Jacksonville Coach Bobby Wenzel thought for a split second that Terrell's buzzer-beater had sent his team into overtime against South Florida on Jan. 8, but the tips of Terrell's size 19s were judged across the line so the shot counted only two points instead of three. "If he had been a size 12, it would have

## Time To Play Bombs Away

Despite confusion and controversy, experimental rules are giving major college basketball the scoring boost it wanted **by JACK McCALLUM**

Strange things are happening in college basketball this year. North Carolina Coach Dean Smith is telling his team it's O.K. to pull up on the fast break and take a jump shot. In one game, Virginia's Ralph Sampson grabbed an offensive rebound, dribbled away from the basket and tried a corner jumper rather than turn, dribble once and stuff. Generally speaking, in fact, the Atlantic Coast Conference, which used to have CAUTION, DON'T SHOOT stamped on its basketballs, has become a Spalding launching pad. Word is that World B. Free wants to be traded to Clemson.

Elsewhere in this season of wide-spread rules experimentation, Jacksonville University lost a game because Forward Tom Terrell wears size 19 sneakers.

Officials are having frantic confabs as they seek unanimity on calls. What is this, the NFL? Three-point jump shots are being called both "home runs" and "hat tricks." What is this, major league baseball? The NHL?

Everybody has a one-liner on the three-point shot. Indiana's Bobby Knight: "The place for the three-point shot is between the reptile cages and the lion cages in the Lincoln Park Zoo." Maryland's Lefty Driesell: "I'm 51 years old and I can make that shot." North Carolina State's Jim Valvano: "My mama came out of the stands the other night and knocked in three of four from 19 feet."

As in any good drama, the rules changes have created heroes (e.g., Guard



been a tied game," lamented Wenzel.

Those are the kinds of wondrous things we've been hearing and seeing, and enough conclusions have been drawn already to permit an educated guess as to what will happen in April when the NCAA Rules Committee makes plans for next year. To the chagrin of traditionalists, there will be continued experimentation in 1983-84, but it won't include as many leagues as it has this year—12 of the NCAA's 29 major conferences. "If we made a mistake, it was in granting too many conferences the right to experiment," says Ed Stenz of Springfield College, editor and national interpreter of the NCAA Rules Committee. "Next year I think you'll see the committee minimizing the experimentation."

There will continue to be some variations in rules from conference to conference, but 1983-84 will not be the officials' nightmare that this season has been, with four different three-point

zones and three different shot clocks in use. You can bet Ralph Sampson's NBA signing bonus that the 30-second clock used in the ACC and Ohio Valley Conference will be ditched (in favor of the 40- or 45-second clock), as well as the ACC's three-point distance of 17' 9" from the top of the circle to the center of the basket. The most distant three-point line this season is in Big Sky country—how appropriate—where a 22-foot heave is required.

The ACC has been the focus of controversy because it adopted the most radical changes—the brief time span of a 30-second clock and the closest-in three-point line. Oddly, the ACC's penchant for freezing the ball had been the strongest reason for the experimentation in the first place. Now the conference is so permissive on offense that Jerry Falwell may well be planning an investigation. Jerry might want to start with the North Carolina-Virginia game of Jan. 15, which the

Tar Heels won 101-95. Quite a contrast to the famous UNC-UVa stall-ball game of last year, which Carolina won 47-45.

Indeed, game scores last year in the ACC averaged only 118.5 points. Through 24 conference games played by last weekend, that figure had soared to 149.3, a 26.0% increase. According to the most recent NCAA statistics, scoring is up 14.1% in the four other conferences with both a shot clock and a three-point line. In the four with a line only, scoring is up 9.6%, and in the three with a clock only, scoring is up 6.2%. Among the rest of the Division I leagues and major independents, scoring is up 4.0%. Taken all together, standpatters and experimenters, Division I teams are averaging 142.6 points per game, an improvement of 7.3 points over last year's final mark, which was the lowest in 30 years. The offensive

continued

The ACC has the shortest three-point distance in the country, a mere 17' 9" for shooters like N.C. State's Terry Gannon.



minded rulesmakers are getting what they wanted.

Until he was hurt, N.C. State's Whittenburg was certainly doing his part for high scoring. At the time of his injury he had made 23 of 40 three-point attempts for a remarkable 57.5%. But not even Whittenburg approves of the ACC's dinky three-point distance. "Where it is now, it's become too big a thing in every game," says Whittenburg. "The three-pointer, as I see it, should be more of a factor in a close win, not in each game." You've just heard Exxon come out against corporate tax breaks.

However, the offensive uprising in the ACC does have its supporters, with Dean Smith hoisting the banner. While the game has changed profoundly in the ACC, it has not in conferences like the Big East, which adopted a 45-second clock and no three-pointer.

Bradley leads the nation with a 28.9 (30.27) average.



"I think that's what experimentation is all about, to see what's good for basketball," says Smith. "I believe these rules are good for the game."

But even if the scores are different in the ACC, the balance of power isn't. Versatile teams that can go inside or outside, or play up-tempo or slowdown, as North Carolina can, are winning. Weak teams that use the three-point shot out of desperation or necessity, such as Clemson, are losing. Strong teams that don't use the three-point shot, like Virginia, are winning. Confused teams that don't know how to use the three-point shot, like Maryland, remain confused.

But the experiments have made a difference in the standings elsewhere. Akron University was the projected pits of the eight-team Ohio Valley Conference, but it was tied for third place last Sunday, mostly on the strength of its three-point shooting. Led by Guard Joe Jakubick, who was 34 of 82, the Zips have attempted and made more three-pointers than any other team in the country. Jakubick is the country's second most prolific three-point scorer, trailing Georgia Tech's Mark Price (35 of 91) and leading South Alabama's Michael Gerren (29 of 60) and University of California-Irvine's George Turner (27 of 56).

On the other hand, defending PCAA champion Fresno State, which used its tough man-to-man defense and a possession offense to go 27-3 overall and 13-1 in the conference last year, has been hurt by that league's 30-seconds-past-midcourt clock; Fresno was 12-6 and 3-4 through last week.

And defenses have been changed by the three-pointer. In previous years, most teams sitting on a lead near the end of the game would go to a zone, much as NFL teams go to the "prevent." But this year man-to-man is still being played at the end because a three-point sharpshooter can put the opposition back into contention. The carefully crafted tradi-



Quick, Turner's open for a three-pointer.

tional defenses, such as Idaho's matchup zone that Coach Don Monson learned from Jud Heathcote, have had to change with the times, too. "We're in a defense that has been good to us for years and all of a sudden we're trying to protect against a three-point play and we're spreading ourselves out," laments Monson.

Surprisingly, though, there have been remarkably few games in which the outcome has turned on a three-point shot. North Carolina has benefited twice: Jimmy Braddock's shot beat Maryland 72-71 on Jan. 12 and Sam Perkins tied Wake Forest last week with 1:08 left while Smith was yelling for a time-out. The Heels then won 80-78 on two free throws. Occasionally the late moments of a game produce a no-guts, no-glory situation. Trailing Idaho 57-55 late in a Big Sky game on Jan. 13, Northern Arizona chose to go for a three-pointer and victory rather than the higher-percentage two-pointer for a tie. Rick Rodriguez



missed the shot and Idaho hung on. Idaho, incidentally, has not made any of its seven three-point attempts this year.

The effect of the shot clock cannot be measured as neatly as that of the three-point basket. First of all, the most meaningless stat in all of this experimental business is how many times the shot clock expires. The answer is hardly ever. But so what? Even a team of eighth-graders would know enough to throw up some sort of shot with time running out.

It surprises no one that scoring hasn't changed dramatically in the three conferences (Southeastern, Southwest and Big East) that have only a shot clock. The time limit is 45 seconds in each of these conferences, and even the most conservative of coaches, like Fresno State's Boyd Grant, has said that a 40- or 45-second clock wouldn't change the game profoundly, though a 30-second one might.

Further, the clock has not made a big difference in field-goal accuracy. The prevailing theory was that, without a clock, teams had time to work the ball inside for the best possible shot. That was one reason shooting accuracy has been so high (around 48% the last five years).

This isn't to say, however, that the clock hasn't made any difference. Though college basketball remains a game of upsets, in experimental areas those upsets can no longer be achieved with the refrigerator. On Jan. 15 a fired-up Texas team shot out to a 10-0 lead over heavily favored Houston. "If it hadn't been for the clock," said Texas Coach Bob Weltlich, "we never would have shot the ball again." But shoot it they had to, and Houston won easily 77-52.

Defenses have changed, too, though not according to a set pattern. Clock opponents feared that teams would sit back in a zone because 1) the clock would not give the offensive team enough time to get a good shot and 2) an offensive team couldn't hold the ball to draw a defensive team into a man-to-man. Tennessee Coach Don DeVoe says this is exactly what's happening. "It's not as much fun coaching under the new rule," says DeVoe. "I felt all along the 45-second clock

would take a lot of coaching out of the game, and it has."

On the other hand, some coaches are initiating more full- and half-court pressure to further limit the time an offensive team has to get into its pattern. But in the ACC, where one might have thought that defenses would have to change radically to adapt to more aggressive offenses, there have been only slight defensive adjustments. It's still basically a zone league, though the zones are playing tighter on the ball. That's because while the three-point shot begs for man-to-man coverage, the 30-second clock says zone.

Actually, a subtle rule change may have a greater effect in the SEC than the shot clock. The five-second close-guarding infraction, which used to force a jump ball if the offensive man did not make a move toward the basket, has been eliminated. Without that, strong point guards like Ennis Whitley of Alabama or Tyrone Beaman of Tennessee can almost single-handedly control tempo, clock or no clock. "Now we can afford to wait on something to open up inside," says Bea-

man. "I figure if we wait long enough, [Forward] Dale Ellis is going to shake loose sometime."

The most interesting theory about the clock is that it has helped the good rebounding teams. This is most prevalent in the SEC, where strong rebounders like Auburn and Florida are doing better than expected and a weaker rebounding team like Alabama is doing worse. It's based on the premise that a clock creates more possessions, more attempts, more misses and, thus, more rebounds.

The most obvious product of the clock and the three-point shot has been confusion. For one thing, the rules won't even be in effect during the NCAA tournament. For another, NCAA scoring averages count all field goals as two points in the ranking of individual scoring leaders. Charles Bradley of South Florida leads the country with a 28.9 average by the NCAA standard, but with full credit for his 24 three-pointers (in 48 attempts) his average is 30.2. But the confusion is most evident on the court: Did the clock run out or didn't it? Is that the three-point

men's line you shot behind or the three-point women's line? Sorry, the scorekeeper missed the referee's three-point signal altogether.

There have been dozens of confirmed cases of experimental chaos, but none worse than what happened to Fresno State in its Jan. 22 PCAA game against UC-Irvine at the Anaheim Convention Center. Irvine was leading 74-71 when Fresno's Mitch Arnold made a three-point jump shot with 14 seconds left. Both officials signaled for three points, but the scoreboard operator was slow in recording the third point. Instead of a tie, the scoreboard had Irvine ahead 74-73 with time running out. Fresno's Tyrone Bradley glanced at the scoreboard, saw his team behind by one and fouled Irvine's Ben McDonald, who made two free throws to ice the win. Fresno Coach Grant was screaming at his team not to foul at the time, but Bradley didn't hear him.

Right about then, Grant felt as if the three-point shot was some where between the reptile cages and the lion cages. Maybe it should stay there.



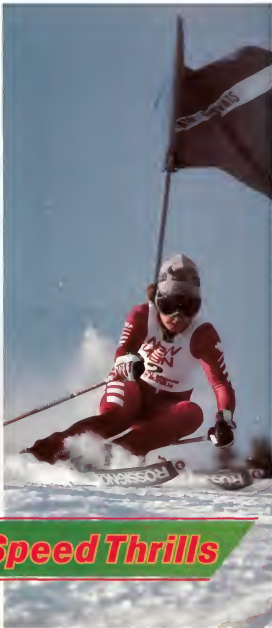
Smith and Perkins are putting the new rules to good use.

**T**he sun will soon drop behind the French Alps, and in Mégève, a little ski town 40 miles south of Geneva, the municipal skating rink is bathed in golden light as a small brunette skater begins a slow spin that will accelerate until her slim body is a blur. A couple of ruddy-faced locals turn to watch her. The skater is now floating through a series of axes as she circles the rink. Her movements are as light as a moth's, more airborne than ice-bound, and one of the locals asks breathlessly, "Qu'est-elle?" When he's told that the Tinkerbell before him is Tamara McKinney, a World Cup ski racer, he guffaws and hisses, "Impossible, m'sieur! Elle est trop petite!" And he stalks away chuckling over the stupidity of anyone who could mistake that slender, fitting figure for a ski champion. Ski racers, as he well knows, have thighs as thick as fire hydrants.

But it is McKinney out there, all 5' 4" and 115 pounds of her, and there's nothing too small about her—on ice or snow. She's one of the two or three best female competitors on the ski circuit, and at the moment she's in the process of making as strong a run for the overall women's World Cup championship as any American ever has. McKinney skis with a ladylike delicacy that doesn't quite disguise a big appetite for hell-bent-for-leather speed. At the end of last week she was first in the World Cup standings with 162 points. That puts her one point ahead of veteran Hanni Wenzel of Liechtenstein.

For Tamara McKinney, a skier from Kentucky, fast is fabulous, which is why she's on top of the World Cup

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON



## To Her, Speed Thrills



McKinney beams after her GS win (left).

and 27 points in front of last year's titlist, the demure Erika Hess of Switzerland, who just happens to be *plus petite* than even McKinney.

McKinney was born—in of all places for a ski racer—the bluegrass country of Kentucky. She's the eighth and youngest child in a family of distinguished horse riders and daredevil skiers. Tamara's father, Ragan, was a celebrated steeplechase jockey and was elected to the Racing Hall of Fame in 1968. In 1931 he set a Grand National record aboard Green Cheese that stood for 25 years, until the Charlottesville, Va. course was changed. Her mother, Frances Warfield McKinney, formerly a ski instructor and currently a horse trainer, taught her children to ski in Nevada and to ride in Kentucky, and educated them in between. Tamara's great-great-great-uncle, Dr. Elisha Warfield, was known as the Father of the Kentucky Turf, because in 1850 he bred the nonpareil racehorse, Lexington, per-

haps the finest sire ever. Sheila, Tamara's 24-year-old sister, was a promising racer until a ski flew off during a downhill at Lake Tahoe's Heavenly Valley in 1977. She was flung helmet-first into a wooden post, suffering such severe head injuries that she was unable to walk and speak normally for almost a year. (She now works at a training stable in Camden, S.C.) Half-brother Steve McKinney, 29, became the first skier to break the mystical 200-kilometer-per-hour (124 mph) barrier in that speed-freakish competition known as the Flying Kilometer.

As Tamara slides off the rink in Mégève at twilight, one can see in her the controlled serenity of the horsewoman and the high-voltage *joie de vivre* of the Alpine skier. She says with absolutely unreserved delight, "Oh, this has been such a nice day. So sunny and nice, and this is such a neat town and I just love being in the mountains and being able to come into town and skate. Yesterday we were training at St. Gervais on the other side of the mountain. I was almost crying, my feet were so cold. But today—oh, today you could hardly ask for more."

Though McKinney is only 20, she's already in her fifth season on the U.S. ski team, her fifth year of grinding travel on mountain roads from race to race, her fifth year of rising in morning darkness to labor through cold training runs above quaint Alpine villages. "At first, well, I was only 15, and I was very distracted by everything over here," she says. "I was looking around in every direction. It was so new and so confusing. Now I've calmed down. But I don't want to have the novelty of it disappear. It's so easy to become nonchalant about all of these things. You have to remind yourself that this is something very special, and you have to make yourself keep looking at it in a fresh way."

Of course, it's enhancing to one's freshness if one is doing well at the races, and McKinney has been doing well for quite a while. In 1981 she finished first in three races and won the World Cup giant slalom title. It was the first time that an American woman had won that crown since '69. In '82 she skied much of the season with a painfully fractured right

continued



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McKinney (center) and Cooper finished one-two at St. Gervais, while Carole Merle of France was third.

#### McKINNEY continues

hand. Although she won no races and dropped to fourth in the giant slalom standings, she finished in the top four in seven of the 12 races she was able to enter. This year she has already won three races—including a giant slalom on Jan. 23 at St. Gervais, where she came in a whopping full second ahead of the runner-up, teammate Christin Cooper, 23. Last Sunday, her sixth-place finishes at Les Diablerets, Switzerland in the slalom and combined events increased her lead over Hess, who was disqualified. Wenzel, the winner of the combined, moved into second place overall.

McKinney, 12-year veteran Cindy Nelson, 27, and Cooper (until her season was interrupted for at least a couple of weeks by a knee injury last Friday) are the core of the most impressive U.S. women's ski team ever to hit the slopes. Last year they led the American women to their first Nation's Cup trophy as the best female team in the world. Says Hank Tauber, who used to coach the U.S. women and is now president of Marker Inc., the bindings firm, "This is the finest women's team since the

great French team of the 1960s—and it was the best in the history of the sport." As in the past, the Americans this season skied hesitantly in the early races, but now that the World Cup schedule has reached mid-season pitch, the team is performing up to expectations. Through mid-January the U.S. women stood first in Nation's Cup competition, with Switzerland in second place.

Bolstering the winning spirit is a considerable financial incentive, a factor that is rarely discussed. The main reason that the current team is so good is that it can afford to keep its veterans. The likes of Nelson, Cooper and McKinney have stayed in competition because these days a top-level woman skier can easily make \$100,000 a year. Equipment manufacturers in effect pay the skiers for using

their equipment, although the money is funneled through the team. The arrangement is legal and doesn't affect the women's amateur status. Says Cooper, "I'm lucky to be skiing now because the money for the top three or four women is equal to that for most of the men." And Nelson admits, "If I wasn't making the living I do skiing, I would have quit before the 1980 Olympics. We can afford to stay around longer and that gives us a better chance to develop." McKinney won't reveal the amount of her subsidies, but she does say, "We're compensated enough so that we can concentrate on skiing and not worry about getting a job the month after the season ends." Ironically, her brother Steve was disqualified from consideration for the 1975 national team because a ski company used his name on a poster, without his knowledge and without compensating him.

Whatever the inducements, Tamara is skiing at the top of her game. "I feel so good about things," she says. "I'm in better condition, stronger than I've been before. I'm thinking much better, too. I used to try to go too fast and I'd fly out of tight gates. I couldn't handle being the fastest one after the first run. I'd sense up

and try too hard. I wasn't able to plan far enough ahead down a course. But now I can set up on the gate I'm going through and at the same time have my mind thinking way out ahead of my skis, preparing for what's coming three or four gates down the hill."

McKinney has at times been held back by injuries. Some have been serious, as when, at 14, two of her vertebrae were "squished" when a horse she was riding crashed through a jump. Other ailments have been naggingly painful, like the sprained ankle she suffered at Squaw Valley on Dec. 30 when she hooked a tip during a racing exhibition. But she is able to ski through such pain: In Verbier, Switzerland 10 days after that injury, she had the ankle heavily taped and buckled tightly into her boot so that she could compete in her first super giant slalom. (Created mainly because it makes for exciting television, this hybrid event combines the changes of direction of the giant slalom with some of the death-defying speed of the downhill.) McKinney finished third. The next day, in another super GS, she finished fourth.

McKinney's skiing technique—an unusual combination of daintiness and speed—consistently draws raves. Nicholas Howe, a ski writer who serves as the U.S. team's press representative on the circuit, says, "Tamara's touch on snow is phenomenal. She has this skittering, cascading laugh, and it is a perfect metaphor for the way she skis. She almost seems to skip down the slope." John Atkins, the women's team trainer for the past five years, says, "One thing about Tamara is that she really likes to go fast. Some other skiers pull up a little, hold back, and you can't blame them. These courses are very hairy. Tamara just plain loves speed. You can't teach a skier that; it's in the genes." Hanni Wenzel, who won two Alpine golds and a silver at the Lake Placid Olympics, has been known to shake her head in wonder at what she has seen after observing McKinney flit through the slalom gates. Following that euphoric one-two U.S. finish at St. Gervais, Cooper paid McKinney the ultimate compliment: "Tamara's so good at letting her skis float that when I train I try to keep the image of her on a course at the front of my mind."

McKinney has had a long time in which to perfect her technique. She was on skis before she could walk, schussing along between the legs of her skiing

mother, brothers and sisters. Indeed, like the proverbial show business babies who sleep in trunks backstage, Tamara is an infant napped in a suitcase that her mother carried to weekend races in which her other offspring were competing. There was a peripatetic quality to the McKinney family life in the years just before and after Tamara was born. Her mother had moved from the Maryland horse country to the Nevada ski slopes in 1956, and she and Rigan were married near Reno. Frances McKinney had four children from a previous marriage—Lee, now 35, Laura, 33, Ousha, 31, and Steve (a fifth child died as an infant)—and then she and Rigan had McLane, 26, Sheila and Tamara. Rigan ran a horse farm in Maryland, but he soon moved to the present 155-acre spread, called Blamey Farm, near Lexington, Ky. "The first six years we were sort of married by air mail," Frances recalls. "I was a ski instructor based in Nevada, raising my children by myself. He would come out and visit and then go back to the farm. We stayed out West between 1956 and 1962, and then when I was going to have



Frances taught her seven children how to run gates on skis and jump them on horses.

Tamara we moved to Kentucky. All the children were [ski] racing by then and doing very well. So we decided Tamara shouldn't be left out just because she was born in Kentucky."

While still nursing Tamara, Frances commuted on weekends from Kentucky to Michigan ski areas so that her older kids could continue to race. This proved to be such a hassle that for the next seven-

al winters she moved her whole brood back West. At first they lived on a small ranch of their own, which they later sold. After that, says Frances, "We lived in some pretty awful places just so we could ski, whatever there was for rent. Sometimes there was no hot water or heat or anything."

By now the young McKinneys were so committed to ski racing all over the U.S. that there often wasn't time for formal schooling. But even this didn't faze the indomitable Frances. "I'd grown up in Howard County, Maryland, in a very rural section where they used to say only God, the Warfields and the Indians lived," she says. "My early schooling was all through the Calvert School of Home Instruction in Baltimore. It was a very old and famous correspondence school that the families of diplomats overseas often used. It emphasized creative writing, art and poetry, and very strict math courses. I loved it, and this is what I used to educate my children, too."

The authorities in Nevada took a dim view of a family in which none of the seven children was officially enrolled in a school. But Frances persuaded the governor of Nevada to certify her home as the Ponderosa Day School so that she could continue the Calvert Home Instruction course.

Ski racing was what the young McKinneys majored in, of course. Their instructor was Anderl Molterer, the Austrian star of the '50s. At Mount Rose, above Reno, Molterer spent so much time

continued



Brother Steve, now a mountain climber, used to be the fastest speed-skier in the world.

working with the McKinnys that the parents of other youngsters in the racing program complained. Except for Lee and Ouisha, every one of the brood competed at least briefly on the national level. Lee and Ouisha became licensed thoroughbred trainers like their mother, and Laura works with the horses at Blarney Farm—a diverse operation that prepares dozens of thoroughbreds for both racing and the show circuit. Rigan, the best horseman of the lot, is no longer active, following a stroke in 1981.

Tamara herself is a skilled show-rider who might well compete in the Olympics someday as an equestrian. For now, however, she's committed to skiing. "It just isn't possible to do both horses and skiing at a world-class level. Skiing takes nine months of the year. Sometimes, when I'm home in Kentucky, I really wish I could start showing horses again. But then, when I think about it, skiing is so great. I can go up on a mountain, by myself, away from the whole world, and be really free. At horse shows I think I'd feel boxed in, being judged by other people, being subjected to their opinions, to their politics. For now, anyway, I like it up on a mountain where I'm my own best judge." McKinney could also have gone on with figure skating, a sport she took "fairly seriously" for a time, but she apparently sensed how boxed in and judged she would have been there, too. As it is, she can ski steadily from November to March and spend much of the summer and fall in Lexington with the horses.

Until Tamara came along, Steve was the famous skier among the McKinnys. He held the world downhill speed record for eight years, breaking his own mark most recently in Les Arcs, France last March, when he hit 201.230 kph, or 125.038 mph. (A month later, Franz Weber of Austria set the current record of 126.238 mph.) Now Steve seems bent on a life of mountain climbing—but not just any old mountain. He made the first winter ascent of 23,500-foot Pumori in Nepal in 1981, climbed (and skied down) Mt. McKinley last year and this spring plans to attack the West Ridge of Mt. Everest. He has always been an absolutely fearless free spirit, a Zen meditator and sometime vegetarian who once said about skiing, "Speed is the ultimate drug. What people are seeking with drugs is one clear moment when life can flow through the body without interference

from the mind. That's what happens when I ski."

The McKinnys haven't been spared the costs of their love of going fast. Tamara had a particularly difficult time after Sheila's accident. "I was a forerunner in the race," she recalls, "and I didn't know that Sheila almost died on the course. If there hadn't been a neurosurgeon right there on the hill, she might not have made it. I was 14 then, and it was my first year on the U.S. team. It was hard because I had to go to the races alone. Sheila was unconscious, and Mom stayed with her. I had something like 12 races in two weeks and I did really poorly. That's the only time I doubted whether I wanted to keep on being a ski racer."

At 15 Tamara won on the World Cup circuit full time. In her first major race in Europe she finished an amazing third. Dubbed an instant star, the new American hope, she immediately went into a tailspin. In the next nine races she either fell or was disqualified. "I was at a loss about what to do," she says. "It was like a bad dream. I never considered quitting, though, because despite all the falls, I had some really fast times. But I was all tightened up. I was trying to go too fast. Finally I just took two weeks off and went free-skiing. I knew I had the ability to win, and when I came back to racing again, I felt a lot better."

The same winter McKinney made her debut on the World Cup circuit, Hess, who has become McKinney's racing nemesis but good friend, made hers McKinney and Hess, who are almost the same age, have risen in tandem to the point where, along with Cooper and Wenzel, they can be considered pretty much in a class by themselves as slalom racers. "Erika had more success earlier than I did," says McKinney, "though she won her first World Cup race only 10 days before I did. When she was 17 she was more consistent than I and she won a bronze at Lake Placid. She's tough to beat because she's very strong mentally and skiing is such a mental sport."

Hess's superiority seemed to have melted away on that sun-splashed day at St. Gervais. Whereas McKinney was an almost effortless winner, Hess had to struggle to finish sixth. Could this be the beginning of the reign of a new ski-racing queen? No one is ready to put the crown on McKinney's head. But if ski racing is anything like horse racing, she has the bloodlines to go all the way.

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When an executive named Bob Basché left NBC Sports recently to join Atari, the joke within TV circles was that he was moving up in the business—from the fourth network to the third. That kind of black humor no longer applies to NBC Sports, whose extraordinary coverage of Sunday's Super Bowl may be remembered by a nation of football fans long after words like Rigginoomics fade from their vocabulary. Certainly neither CBS nor NBC has ever done a better job with the Super Bowl. Dick Enberg can forget his theory about television usually looking good when the score is 28-27 and always looking bad when the final is 28-0. No asterisks on this TV game. So insightful were Enberg and Merlin Olsen, so revealing were the replays, and so disciplined was the overall direction that NBC would have looked brilliant if the score had been 56-21p.



Following the game Olsen became a free agent.

by William Taaffe

was that marvelous devotee of the *Born!* Whoof! Bam! school of announcing, John Madden. He has become something of a phenomenon in sports TV these past four years, and not just because he practices sound effects and breaks through a paper wall on a beer commercial. A jewel of simplicity and clarity, Madden is more consistently enlightening than any other pro football analyst on television, including the gifted Olsen. Madden is forever telling you something you didn't know about the sport, yet he never talks down to you. He's also the kind of guy who doesn't call sweat perspiration, which helps account for his entertainment value.

While Madden narrowly eclipsed Olsen this year as preeminent analyst, Enberg defeated Summerall in the play-by-play sweepstakes with room to spare. Summerall is clearly the game's second-best announcer, but one of his main strengths, a reluctance to intrude, can become a weakness. His delivery is so cool and dispassionate that he sometimes drains drama from a game. Granted, we don't need Ray Scott's Voice of Doom from years past, but Enberg's spirit and enthusiasm are welcome. He also does a better job of telling us the down, yardage and tackler, and he keeps better track of players entering the game. One can't depend on graphics—especially misspelled graphics—as an information bank. During the Jets-Raiders game NBC identified New York's Marty Lyons as Mary Lyons.

Finally, we thought we'd sum up this TV season with a few choice clichés heard round the dial the past few weeks. So close are NBC and CBS in quality of coverage that "it's a game of inches" (Olsen). Enberg, Olsen and Nathanson are "not too shabby" (John Brodie). Both networks have cameras "literally" everywhere (literally all announcers give this word nowadays), but only CBS's pregame show is "right on the money" (Hank Stram and Jack Buck). Now, as Enberg has often said, "This season [or half or game] is history."

## Score one for the peacock

NBC did itself proud at the Super Bowl with a magician named Merlin

Much of the credit for the boffo performance—totally unexpected considering NBC's lackluster coverage during the NFL playoffs—goes to Olsen and Coordinating Producer and Director Ted Nathanson. This may have been Olsen's last appearance on NBC. After the game he became a free agent, and he is negotiating for next season with ABC and CBS as well as with RCA's peacock. He couldn't have jacked up the bidding for his services any more shrewdly. Not only was his commentary typically intelligent and almost prescient, but in effect he also served as the telecast's deputy producer by advising the truck which players deserved isolation on replay cameras. The result was an outstanding series of replays, especially of battles along the line.

During its playoff coverage preceding the Super Bowl, NBC had overused its technological toys and forced so many replays onto the screen that games seemed to lose their continuity and pace.

In fact, in the previous two weeks alone, NBC had missed the start of at least 12 plays by cramming up to five replays between whistles. During the Super Bowl, though, Nathanson used only 106 replays—far fewer than the record 147 NBC resorted to in the 1979 Super Bowl. Nathanson's mind was on the game and not on cheerleaders seeking Hollywood auditions or rainbow-haired patrons mugging for the camera. Why show goofballs when you can focus on Dolphin Cornerback Don McNeal slipping on John Riggins' game-winning touchdown? Why show babes on mommies' laps when you can show Joe Theismann tipping the ball from touchdown-bound Kim Bokamper's hands? This is the Super Bowl, Nathanson clearly realized, and not a Family Circle special entitled *How to Pacify Belinda in Big Crowds*.

Until last week, CBS seemed to have a lock on the award for best football television in this postseason. One major reason

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## The rage of the Rio Grande

by John Garrity

Show Time! at top-ranked Laredo JC means lights-out for the opposition

In Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, there is a notorious walled compound, a red-light district of unpaved streets and neon strip joints—dubbed “Boys’ Town” by Anglos who cross the Rio Grande looking for cheap thrills. A barker stands in the doorway of one of those joints, hustling passersby with a frantic “Caballeros, come this way . . . it’s Show Time!”

In Laredo, Texas, just across the International Bridge, there is a former army fort turned into a junior college, where a school official sits at a microphone in a packed gymnasium—in total darkness—and announces seductively, “Ladies and gentlemen, *damas y caballeros* . . . it’s Show Time!”

And what a show it is. The basketball team in the remote border town has improved from a 6–22 record two years ago

to a 20–1 mark at the end of last week and the No. 1 ranking in the nation. Among the star performers north of the International Bridge are slam-dunking youngsters from the playgrounds of Kansas City, New York and Washington, D.C. They’ve become heroes to the folks in the impoverished Rio Grande Valley.

“Our first game last year, there might have been 100 people in the stands,” says 30-year-old Gary Moss, recalling his debut as Laredo’s head coach. Most students seemed to prefer study hall to Palomino basketball, and the matchup of Lackland Air Force Base of San Antonio, coming in with a 12–0 record and a 110-points-per-game average, excited interest only among misochists. Surveying the empty stands, Moss told a reporter that his goal was “to pack this place to the point that they’ll be turning people away at the door.” Few took him seriously—at Laredo, people turned away before they ever got near the door.

Surprise. Sparked by transfer guards Harold Howard and Tony Malvenus, who had followed Moss over from Southwest Texas State, where he was an assistant, the Palominos outran and outshot the armies for a 91–84 win and went on to a 23–7 season. “Four games later we had to move in folding chairs,” Moss says. “After that, we had standing room only with fire marshals to control the crowd.” So dramatic was the turnaround that Moss had a bulky safe hauled into his office to stash the gate receipts. “If we had a bigger place,” he draws, “we’d have to have a vault.”

The good-natured Moss has convinced Laredoans that they can have a winning image to go

with their long and colorful history. “It’s a delightful change,” one LJC administrator says. “For a long time the only thing we led the country in was rabies and unemployment.”

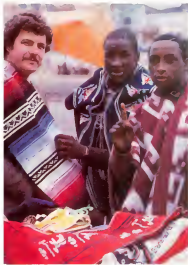
No longer. Billboards all over Laredo promote Palomino basketball with the slogan, *THE HORSES ARE COMING . . . HERE OF US!* One television station runs a weekly *Gary Moss Show*; another tapes LJC’s home games for later telecast. Two daily newspapers give the team heavy coverage. “It’s definitely Show Time,” Moss says. “We’ve got everything the major colleges get and more.”

When the newly formed Palomino Club, a booster group, decided to celebrate last year’s miracle season, proud businessmen donated two sides of beef and untold kegs of beer for an all-day barbecue that attracted 600 fans who feasted on two-inch steaks and danced to a country music band. “The Mexican-American people are very proud,” Moss says. “If they have a winner, they’re going to back it to the hilt.”

Laredoans agree that this city of 91,000 people—about 90% with Hispanic surnames—needs a dose of optimism. In one year, unemployment has skued from 9.2% to 25%. Retail sales have fallen an estimated 40%. According to Moss, “The only thing that hasn’t devalued is LJC basketball. We’ve given people something to turn to.”

Moss organized the Palomino Club to raise funds for recruiting. Then, instead of beating the bushes locally—the bushes being the huisache and mesquite which dot the otherwise empty flatlands north of the Rio Grande Valley—Moss recruited in the inner cities of the Northeast and Midwest. At Kansas City’s Central High he found a high-jumping 6’ 8” pivotman, Glen Jamison, and a versatile role player in 6’ 7” Marc Davis. In Kent, Ohio, he came up with John (Ice) Sales, a George Gervin lookalike. In Washington, D.C., he went after a quick and muscular point guard from Roosevelt High, Linwood Davis—(“He’d be playing at Georgetown if he had the grades,” Moss says)—and came back with both Linwood and his brother Earl, a frantic hustler who

continued



Walking the streets of Nuevo Laredo, Moss and Earl and Linwood Davis wrap themselves in serapes.

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leads the team in floor burns. Another Washington player, Kenny Harvey, a junior-college honorable-mention All-America last year at Southeast Community College in Fairbury, Neb., threw in with the others, and so Laredo had all the horses it needed.

Of course, the eager black youngsters Moss brought back to the border stand out in Laredo like the statue of General Ignacio Zaragoza in San Agustín Plaza. "Laredo's a pretty isolated place," Moss says. "The majority of the black people in this town are on my team." The Mexican-American children who flock around Moss's players, pleading for autographs, view their heroes as stars on a par with Dr. J and Magic Johnson. "It's a beautiful thing, it's very meaningful," says LJC's president, Domingo Arechiga, who hopes that these visitors from far off will inspire Laredo youngsters to dream of distant places themselves. "It's what Laredo represents. It's a blending of two cultures."

Moss's players say they were lured to the Rio Grande Valley by the attractive modern campus, the almost tropical climate ("I can't resist dropping the words 'palm trees' when I talk to a recruit," Moss confesses), and a hunger for adventure ("I thought of Laredo as a shoot-out town," one player says). But all agree they came primarily to use what LJC calls its Learning Center, a program of remedial reading, special tutoring and supervised study halls. "We're on the border," President Arechiga explains, "so we get many students with language problems and academic problems, students who need a heavy dose of supportive services."

Moss says he uses the Learning Center as his key inducement in recruiting ball-players. "Let's face it, the only reason they're at Laredo is because their academic background wasn't there," he says. "Otherwise, they'd all be in Division I schools. We promise a young man that he's going to get an academic education. He's going to come and work and be pushed to make something of himself. And that's not basket weaving or ceramics, either," Moss adds, anticipating the next question. "That's academics."

On the court, the Palominos play end-to-end pressure defense, run a controlled fast break, and stir up crowds with stylish, basket-shaking slam dunks. "Show Time!" is part of it—the dramatic lighting for player introductions, the pulsat-

ing theme music, *Eye of the Tiger*, the flashing DEFENSE electric sign. "I'm in awe. I can't believe all the things that are happening," says Moss.

Last Friday night, at Maravillo Gymnasium, a standing-room crowd of around 2,500 roared its support as the Palominos faced their toughest challenge of the year—archrival San Jacinto College of Pasadena, Texas, ranked seventh in the nation and champion of the Texas Junior College Athletic Conference for 11 straight years. Tempers flared in the waning minutes. The officials, busy handing out technical fouls, allowed San Jacinto's powerful center, Andre Ross, to play nine seconds after he had fouled out, but it was too late to make a difference. With one technical about to be shot by the Palominos, two more pending for a scuffle at midcourt, and both coaches converging on the scorer's table, the referees wisely suspended play with seven seconds left, awarding the game to Laredo on a TKO, 96-85.

"That was our biggest game ever," sophomore Forward Mike Micarelli said afterward, his exuberance tempered by a swollen eye and by the knowledge that the two teams meet again later this month at San Jacinto. "It's going to be another war," he predicted. "World War Four, I guess."

Meanwhile, the team and town can enjoy the newest yellow billboard standing in a clump of mesquite: LJC #1 IN THE NATION: THEY HAVE HERD OF US.

"That says it all," Moss draws.

## THE WEEK

(Jan. 24-30)

by ROGER JACKSON

## WEST

For the University of Nevada, Las Vegas the journey to the top of the college basketball charts has been a bumpy one. Although the Rebels ran their overall record to 18-0, the only unblemished mark in the country, and 8-0 in the Pacific Coast Athletic Association, they continued to do it the hard way. Last week was typical as they rallied from a double figure deficit on the road for the fourth time. Most recently it was at Long Beach State, where the Rebels overcame a 68-57 deficit with 6:27 to play to beat the 49ers 78-74. "I thought we'd lost it," said UNLV Coach Jerry Tarkanian afterward. "But it happened. This is simply incredible."

Tark could have been describing the play

of Sid Green, the Rebels' 6' 9" senior center. Green scored 32 points, one off his career high, and had 17 rebounds against the 49ers before fouling out with 2:07 to go. "The way he played, he's going to make a million dollars," said Tarkanian. In the Rebels' 77-73 victory at UC-Santa Barbara, Green got 18 points and 12 rebounds as he helped wipe out a 48-38 Gaucho lead with 15:36 left. Green and Larry Anderson, who led UNLV with 20 points, offset a fine performance by UCSB's York Gross, who scored a game-high 27 points and had 10 rebounds.

The game between Alabama and UCLA last Friday night in Pauley Pavilion was preceded by a moment of silence in memory of Paul (Bear) Bryant, who was buried in Birmingham earlier that day. And the 12,574 fans in Pauley remained subdued for much of the first 29:41 as the Tide rolled to a 55-39 lead behind Bobby Lee Hurt (23 points), Ennis Whitley (20) and freshman Buck Johnson (15). But the Bruins roared back to tie the score 67-67 on a short jumper by Michael Holton with :35 left. Alas, someone should have alerted Rod Foster, with Alabama apparently playing for a final shot, The Rocket, who thought UCLA was down a point, intentionally fouled "Bama's" Mike Davis, who sank both foul shots. Johnson added another free throw eight seconds later to cap the Tide's 70-67 upset. The Bruins rebounded on Sunday to beat Notre Dame 59-53, as Darren Daye scored 16 points.

## MIDEAST

Greg Stokes, Iowa's 6' 11" center, has often been castigated by Hawkeye Coach Lute Olson for not playing with sufficient fire under the boards. Indeed, when Stokes had just three rebounds to go with his 24 points in an 89-83 double-overtime loss to Ohio State, Olson made it plain that it was time his leading scorer stopped being a spectator underneath. So in Iowa's 63-48 thrashing of Big Ten leader Indiana, Stokes was a terror, getting 12 rebounds along with a game-high 23 points.

Did Olson change Stokes's rebounding mechanics? "Well, no," Stokes said afterward. "He told me that he thought he was giving me too much mechanical advice, so during practice he just told me, 'I want you to go for the ball and get it.'" While he was doing that, the Iowa defense held Hoosier forwards Randy Wittman and Ted Kitchel to 10 and 13 points, respectively. Wittman and Kitchel, 1-2 in the Big Ten scoring race when the week began, combined for 54 points in the Hoosiers' 78-73 victory over Northwestern in Chicago. With Indiana's loss to Iowa, Minnesota, which defeated Wisconsin 63-58 in Madison, moved into a first-place tie with the Hoosiers.

Five teams—Georgia, Kentucky, Ole Miss, Auburn and Vanderbilt—have a piece of first place in the Southeastern Conference. Georgia seized a share by upsetting Kentucky 70-63 in Athens, snapping a 12-game losing

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## SI TOP 20

1. UNLV (18-0)	3 *
2. MEMPHIS STATE (16-1)	4
3. ST. JOHN'S (18-1)	8
4. N. CAROLINA (17-3)	8
5. UCLA (14-2)	1
6. INDIANA (15-2)	2
7. VIRGINIA (17-2)	8
8. ILLINOIS STATE (15-1)	9
9. WICHITA STATE (14-2)	10
10. MISSOURI (16-3)	11
11. LOUISVILLE (16-3)	7
12. IOWA (13-4)	13
13. HOUSTON (16-2)	14
14. GEORGETOWN (15-4)	18
15. ARKANSAS (17-1)	19
16. GEORGIA (14-3)	—
17. KENTUCKY (13-4)	12
18. VILLANOVA (13-3)	17
19. OKLAHOMA (16-4)	—
20. MINNESOTA (13-3)	—

\* Last week

streak against the Wildcats. The Bulldogs outscored Kentucky 19-2 in a 6½-minute stretch in the second half to break open a close game. Bulldog Guard Vern Fleming scored 13 of his team-high 17 points in the second half. Terry Fair had 14 points, 10 rebounds and six of Georgia's 11 steals.

Auburn dropped an 80-77 decision to Tennessee in Knoxville, but came back to edge LSU in Baton Rouge 64-62. Charles Barkley, who had missed three of his previous four free throws in the game, made two with 14 seconds left to ensure victory for the Tigers. Tennessee's Dale Ellis, who scored 26 points in the Vols' win over Auburn, had 30 more against visiting Vanderbilt, but two free throws by Phil Cox, who led Vandy with 21 points, iced the Commodores' win. "We couldn't have picked a worse man to foul," said Vol Coach Don DeVoe, who obviously reads the stat sheets: Cox has hit 75 of 81 from the line this season for a percentage of .926.

**EAST** Metro Conference powers Memphis State and Louisville overcame a pair of gritty opponents in a doubleheader at New York's Madison Square Garden. In the opener, State whipped Louisville 94-83 as all 10 starters retained double figures. Memphis' 6'11" Keith Lee, who, according to Tiger Coach Dana Kirk, has acquired "a gunslinger's image," shot the Gaels full of holes with 28 points (11 of 18 from the field) and grabbed 11 rebounds. Teammate Bobby Parks added 21 points, while Iowa Guard Steve Burt had a game-high 31. In the second game Louisville defeated Rutgers 54-49. The Cardinals shot just 38.3% against a sticky 1-3-1 zone, and after Rutgers closed to 58-49 with 7:48 left, Louisville went into a

prolonged stall to force the Scarlet Knights into a man-to-man. But the Knights didn't bite, and the freeze was halted with 31 seconds left when Chris Nieberlein intentionally fouled Scooter McCray, who sank two from the line. "This was not a good game," said Louisville Coach Denny Crum afterward.

If Denny didn't like his club's performance against Rutgers, he must have hated the 98-81 pounding Virginia gave the Cardinals in a televised game in Charlottesville. Ralph Sampson broke out of a five-game slump and gave one of his finest performances: 14 of 18 from the floor, 35 points, 12 rebounds, five blocked shots, two assists and a steal. "You notice he doesn't play too many bad games on national TV," said Crum, perhaps alluding to the 26-point, 10-rebound game Sampson had against the Cards last season in Louisville. Earlier this week, Sampson scored 16 points and brought down 16 rebounds in the Cavs' 59-44 win over George Washington.

ACC leader North Carolina won three games and extended its winning streak to 14. After crushing Georgia State 95-55 in Chapel Hill, the Tar Heels nipped Wake Forest 80-78 in Greensboro, knocking the Deacons out of a first place tie in the conference, then eased past Georgia Tech 72-65. In that game Michael Jordan scored a career-high 39 points, including 11 of 16 from the floor. Six of Jordan's field goals were three-pointers; on one of those he was fouled, and he converted the free throw for the ACC's first four-point play under the new three-point rule. On Sunday Arkansas edged Wake Forest 68-65 in Greensboro. Alvin Robertson had 23 points and 6'11" Joe Kleine had 20 points and 10 rebounds for the Razorbacks.

St. John's took over first place in the Big East with an 80-71 victory over Villanova. Down 49-41 with 12:08 to go, the Redmen made 25 of 27 free throws the rest of the way to overtake the visiting Wildcats. In all, St. John's hit 36 of 39 from the line, including 10 of 10 by Chris Mullin. St. John's then stretched its record to 18-1 with a 65-58 win at Manhattan, while Villanova recovered to beat Syracuse 83-75 at the Palestra.

Georgetown routed Seton Hall 71-48, then pulled out a 69-67 win over Boston College when freshman David Wingate picked up a loose ball and drove nearly the length of the court for the winning layup as time ran out.

**MIDWEST** Memphis State came back from its triumphant Eastern swing intent on winning this week's rematch with Virginia Tech, the only team to cage the Tigers this year. In the process, State almost overlooked Eastern Kentucky, which gave the Tigers a run before falling 80-65. The Colonels trailed by just four points, 65-61, with seven minutes left. "They hit some shots you wouldn't take in a game of H-O-R-S-E," said Coach Dana Kirk afterward. But the Tigers pulled away, thanks to

Keith Lee's 35 points and 14 rebounds and Bobby Parks' 20 points, 12 rebounds and unyielding defense.

Missouri took a one-game lead in the Big Eight race, whipping Kansas 76-63 in Lawrence and Nebraska 79-56 in Columbia. Steve Stapanovich and Jon Sundvold took turns sparking the Tigers post the Jayhawks; Stapo scored 16 of his game-high 25 points in the first half, while Sundvold got 18 of his 22 in the second. Stapanovich got 22 more in Missouri's rout of Nebraska as the Tigers shot 66% from the floor and scored on 12 of their first 13 possessions.

Oklahoma State's Cowboys were ambushed twice on the road. The Cowboys dropped an 81-80 heartbreaker to rival Oklahoma, despite a furious rally that cut a 14-point lead with 10 minutes to go to 75-72 with 3:04 remaining. Iowa State Coach Johnny Orr had OSU's better defeat in mind when he spoke before his own team's game with the Cowboys. "There was never a better time to beat Oklahoma State," he said—and he was right. With Barry Stevens scoring 14 of his 16 points in the second half, the Cyclones walked the Cowboys 73-64 in Ames.

Oklahoma's 1-2-3 punch of Wayman Tisdale, Chuck Barnett and David Little combined for 70 points in a 97-79 defeat of Colorado. Tisdale scored 21 points and now has 533 for the season, 17 more than the Big Eight's previous freshman record set by Kansas State's Curtis Redding in 1977. Little also had 21, while Barnett led the Sooners with 28.

### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**KEITH LEE** The 6'11" sophomore forward scored 63 points, hitting 25 of 36 from the field and 11 of 15 from the line. He also grabbed 25 rebounds as Memphis State beat Iowa and Eastern Kentucky.

Illinois State defeated Tulsa 61-55 in a game that was marred by the ejection of two reserves—Los Stefanovic of ISU and Jeff Rahilly of Tulsa—when a loose-ball wrestling match erupted into all-tempered pushes and shoves. "The game here with Wichita State got out of control, and I knew this one would, too," Tulsa Coach Nolan Richardson said afterward. Richardson threatened to sue 6'7", 235-pound Redbird Center Rick Lamb, who he says pushed him during the melee, and Lamb threatened a countersuit. The Redbirds didn't rumble with Southern Illinois, coasting to a 69-63 victory, but Wichita State, behind Antoine Carr's 29 points and Xavier McDaniels' 19, romped over the Sabaks 100-78.

Southwest Conference leader Houston ripped crosstown rival Rice 76-40, thanks to a 45-14 spurt in the final 15 minutes. Arkansas pounded Texas 84-63 in Fayetteville and nipped Texas Tech 62-59 in Lubbock. **END**

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Thompson's knee is no laughing matter.

threatened in a quavering voice to quit the team. The guy decided to stay around, the air was cleared, and the Sonics went on to win the NBA championship, beating the Washington Bullets in five games.

Last week the Sonics were back in Washington, but this time they were humiliated 99-86 for their 12th loss in 14 games. It was the Sonics' most feeble offensive performance of the season—an 89-88 defeat at the hands of the inept Cleveland Cavaliers two nights later was a new low of a different kind—and afterward a meeting of sorts was called. In the visitors' locker room at the Capital Centre, the site of their greatest professional triumph, Gus Williams, Lonnie Shelton and Fred Brown, all important cogs on

by Bruce Newman

After opening the year with 12 consecutive victories, the best start by an NBA team in 25 years, Seattle has gone 13-20 for a 25-20 overall record at week's end, good for only fourth in the Pacific Division, 10 games behind the leading Lakers. And although the Sonics were hurt by injuries to Guard David Thompson and Center Jack Sikma, the slide began before either went down and continued after both returned. Seattle's roller-coaster performance has probably been the dizziest such ride in league history. Which is probably why owner Sam Schulman blasted his team two weeks ago, saying, "Everyone is on the trading block, and I mean everyone. If we're going to lose, I'd rather lose with a \$2 million payroll than a \$4 million payroll."

Most of the Sonics now regard their 12-0 start as a fluke. "That winning streak was probably the worst thing that could have happened to us," says Thompson, the newest Sonic. "When we lost those first two games badly [New Jersey cut the Seattle string 111-91 on Nov. 21, and three days later Los Angeles buried the Sonics 111-93], some of the guys began to believe that we weren't that good after all. During the streak we had always found ways to win. But when it was over we stopped playing to win and started playing not to lose."

Unlike many NBA teams, the Sonics don't have a player capable of taking charge in the crunch and making sure that Seattle gets the most out of its talent, which is among the best in the league. Coach Lenny Wilkens insists that Sikma is the Sonics' leader, but Sikma hardly seems to welcome the role. "There hasn't been that inner strength we need to get out of the rut," he says. "I don't know if we know how to get better. I don't know if we even have a clue."

Seattle hasn't really had a leader since Forward Paul Silas retired after the 1979-80 season, and though Wilkens is an extremely capable coach, he's not noted for his forceful personality. "What we have is a bunch of very polite guys who don't want to offend anybody," says one Sonic, who asks not to be identified so as not to offend anybody.

continued

## Sonic boom turns to gloom

After a 12-0 launch, Seattle seems to be on the verge of flaming out

**Y**ou can generally learn something about an NBA team by the kind of meetings it holds when it's losing. Four years ago, for example, the Seattle SuperSonics, in the midst of a losing streak, had a meeting that turned into such an emotional bloodletting that one player



With Sikma (above) hurt, Williams may have tried too hard to take up the slack.



the 1979 championship team, wanted to quietly discuss the Sonics' chaotic offense. The locker room was crowded with players and reporters, so the three retreated to the only private place that was left, an unoccupied stall in the bathroom. In looking for Seattle's lost attack, they'd come to the right place, because in only half a season, the Sonics have gone from la crème to latrine.

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Wilkins sought to shore up the Sonics' backcourt weaknesses with an off-season trade of defensive specialist Bill Hanzlik and a first-round draft choice to Denver for Thompson, who had been feuding with Nugget Coach Doug Moe. Wilkins believed that the only thing better than one terrific guard would be two, and he sneered at the doubters who said Williams and Thompson both needed the ball to be effective. "If you know the game of basketball," Wilkins said early in the season, "you know that David and Gus can play together."

And in the beginning they could. Through the first 12 games, Thompson, shooting 52.1%, averaged 21.1 points per game, Williams 19.4. The high point came when Thompson won a game at home, 108-107, with a 28-foot three-point shot as time expired in overtime against San Antonio. "After I made that shot," Thompson says, "I was visible. I was no longer an exile from the Nuggets. I was a Sonic. It was like a rebirth." Thompson had proved that he played well with Williams and that he could play hard. In Denver he'd been accused of being a bad actor.

By the end of the winning streak, however, Thompson was experiencing pain from fluid that fills his right knee after every game. Shortly after Thanksgiving he underwent an arthroscopic exam, which revealed that he has traumatic arthritis in the knee and that his days as a Skywalker are numbered. Thompson attempted to come back soon after the exam, which involved minor surgery, during a stretch in mid-December when the Sonics were playing four games in five nights, and the results were disastrous. "That was a mistake," he says. "It seemed like my leg was real weak after that." As the Sonics began to lose more regularly, Thompson was wildly inconsistent, scoring 26 points as he did at Philadelphia on Jan. 21 and none two nights later at New Jersey.

Last week in Detroit, Wilkins brought Thompson off the bench for the first time all season in a 118-109 victory. Phil Smith started in his place. "I'm just trying to relax David until he can be-

come a little more consistent," Wilkins said. Someone reminded Wilkins that Thompson, who had seven points in 20 minutes against the Pistons, had not been happy coming off the bench in Denver. "I think it's a different situation," Wilkins replied. "They put him on the bench and forgot him. I'm not going to forget him." The next night in Washington, Thompson played 10 minutes in the first half, scoring only two points, and didn't get into the action after that. "Everything started so well," Thompson said, "and now it seems like it's all come apart."

Since the streak, Thompson's offense

that became especially acute when Sikma, the 6'11" center, sprained his right ankle on Dec. 28 and was forced to miss seven games, all of which Seattle lost. Even Williams' old adversaries began to notice a change, now that he was trying to help make up for the loss of Sikma's offense. "It's different trying to set people up than just trying to score," the Lakers' Norm Nixon said. "Having Gus play the point may end up hurting his team."

The Sonics' lack of a true point guard—Williams is at his best roaming without the ball—is a sore spot with Wilkins. "Not having a point guard wasn't a problem when we won 12 in a row," he says. Smith, the erstwhile Warriors star, has been helpful because he runs the plays through more than one option, but he's nothing more than a stopgap.

After so many seasons as a power in the Pacific Division, the Sonics may have lost their self-esteem during the current collapse. Shelton says that, because of the losing, "teams disrespected us." Shelton knows this to be true because Maurice Lucas tried to upbraid him during a game in Phoenix in which the Sonics were blown out. "Yeah," Shelton says, "he pulled my shorts right up over my buns. Exposed something very private to me." Lucas probably did it because Shelton possesses the Mt. Everest of buns—one undresses them simply because they're there.

The unkindest—though deserved—cut may have been delivered two weeks ago by Julius Erving, who is usually the Doctor of Diplomacy. Philadelphia had Seattle down by 32 points before winning 130-117. Earlier that week the 76ers had struggled to beat the Cavaliers by eight. "Yes, there is irony there," Erving said. "Maybe Cleveland has a good future, while Seattle's future is questionable."

It's a question that is even in the minds of some of Seattle's players. "It really comes down to starting over now and seeing if we can become a team that can be in the hunt by playoff time," Sikma says. "I don't know if that's possible. Can we? I don't know. And when you don't know, you're already defeated." **END**



Without Hanzlik, Wilkins doesn't have a true point guard.

has disappeared. His shooting accuracy from Nov. 21 through last week had plummeted to 43.8%, his scoring to 10.5 points per game. Meanwhile, as the Sonics sank further and further, Williams' breakaway baskets began to disappear. His field-goal percentage, 51.6% during the streak, has been 46% since. "With so many uncertainties, I think Gus became tentative," Brown says. "He felt that to control the offense he would have to slow it all down. That didn't help us." Wilkins, too, felt that Williams was suffering from the pressure of having to carry too much of the offensive load, a problem

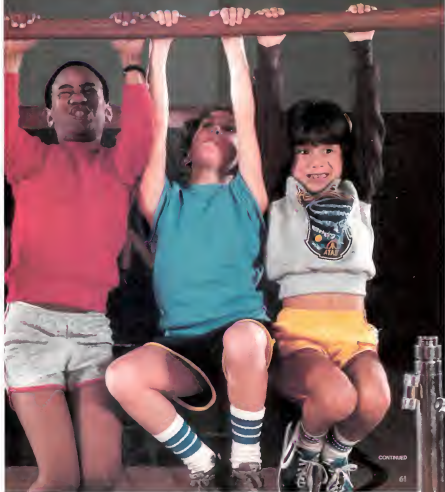
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by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM  
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*Actually, there has been no real revolution in fitness.*

—JOHN H. DAVIS, executive director of the National Recreation and Park Association

Considering all the attention it has attracted, it's surprising how little we know about that cultural phenomenon most commonly referred to as the fitness boom. One of the things we don't know is whether it even exists. Madison Avenue copywriters and the authors of magazine cover stories have been breathlessly pro-



Michigan's Reiff administered two series of tests to schoolchildren; he calls the results "abysmal."

claiming the reality of such a boom for perhaps five years now (which means that it actually would have had to begin some time earlier), but one sometimes suspects that this is merely to see how many variations on the name they can come up with. The results so far include fitness craze, fitness binge, fitness mania, fitness revival, fitness upsurge and, yes, fitness revolution. Other variations include wellness boom and health boom.

To say that the U.S. is caught up in a fitness boom, however, is to imply that Americans have become fitter, and while there are plenty of people around who swear that this is the case, the evidence strongly suggests otherwise. There's reason to believe that whatever wonders the fitness boom may have worked for certain individuals, it hasn't made society as a whole fitter at all. This generally overlooked fact is just sitting there, practically begging to be recognized. To uncover the unhappy truth, it's necessary only to ask the right people.

**Older folks?** Most Americans over 50,

*Still an active rock climber at 77, Aasnes got a true fitness boom going among youths in the 1950s.*

says Dr. Ronald B. Mackenzie, medical director of the National Athletic Health Institute in Inglewood, Calif., are in "a dismal state of fitness." Young adults? A substantial number of them, says Assistant Chief Michael J. McNulty, former commander of New York City's Police Academy, "can't run or do sit-ups or push-ups. The current generation is flabby, out of shape." Schoolchildren? Jim Waters, who runs a youth ski and soccer program in Denver called Buffalo Sports, Inc., notes a "trend toward unfitness" among children and says, "My experience is that they're not in shape, no more than adults are. They're stiff, and they don't know that their muscles are tight. They don't know what it feels like for them to be loose."

The situation is pretty much the same throughout the population. In November the Los Angeles Times ran an account of a health facility in San Diego where injured athletes go for training, and where ordinary citizens go to exercise. The Times confidently reported that the establishment, the San Diego Sports Medicine Center, was "an outgrowth of the fitness and wellness boom." But the newspaper also quoted the center's co-director, Dr. E. Lee Rice, as saying, "We live basically in an obese, unfit society. We are as a people unfit." There's the contradiction again: A society supposedly in the midst of a fitness boom is unfit.

As this contradiction indicates, there's another side, a down side, to the fitness story. There's something going on with fitness in the U.S., all right, and whatever it is—O.K., let's call it a boom—it has such staying power that it's already entering its second generation. Having grown accustomed to seeing hordes of citizens running through our parks and streets, we're now rubbing our eyes at the spectacle of people exercising by, for example, hanging upside down in gravity

inversion systems intended to improve circulation and ease tension on the spine. As though the proliferation of corporate exercise programs and private health clubs weren't enough, we're assured that an explosion in home gyms is about to begin. Now that enough of us have tried (and frequently abandoned) the Stillman and Scarsdale diets, it's time to shape up in the company of Richard Simmons or Jane Fonda, whose workout regimens

ness boom demographics: Participants in it are more likely to be rich than poor, executives than blue-collar workers, white than non-white, college graduates than high school graduates, adults than children. The myth that the boom is a democratic phenomenon has been nurtured in part by the gratifying increase in the number of women participating in it. But women have moved into fitness activities

largely to the extent that they've advanced into the upper middle class, to which the boom is geared. Poor women, like poor men, aren't exercising; cuts in phys ed programs put schoolgirls on the sidelines just as they do schoolboys. As one close observer of the fitness scene, University of Michigan Physical Education Professor Guy G. Reiff puts it, "They say that everybody's running and working out, and maybe guys with dough are, but I'm not sure much of this is reaching the shoe clerks and the guys carrying lunch buckets."

What these demographic data mean is that the action in fitness has simply gravitated toward where the profits are. In fact, it might be said that we're experiencing not so much a boom in fitness as in the business of fitness. Yet even here, appearances are deceiving. Nobody seems to notice the fitness activities that go into decline. The tennis boom is over, roller skating is on the skids and bicycle sales in the U.S. plummeted last year to an estimated 6.7 million, down from a peak of

15.2 million in 1973. The fitness boom obviously contains a good deal of bust.

It's also an illusion because of the confusion that exists between the perception of activity and what is actually going on. UCLA Chancellor Charles E. Young takes a daily run and is pleased that a lot of students do the same. "There's no question that today on our campus more people are doing something to try to take care of themselves," Young says. But Elvin C. (Ducky) Drake, who has been at the university for 58 years as track coach and trainer, says flatly, "UCLA students



Coard believes parental involvement is a key to keeping kids fit.

have supplanted Stillman and Scarsdale on the bestseller book lists.

But this boom is in large part illusory. To begin with, it's much more of a factor in some social, economic and age groups than others. The much ballyhooed growth in the number of private health clubs and employee fitness programs has been paralleled by a less widely recognized decline in the availability of traditional fitness programs in parks, recreation departments and, above all, schools. This shift in emphasis from the public to the private sector is reflected in the fit-

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aren't in as good physical condition as they used to be." Drake recognizes that for all their visibility and good intentions, Chancellor Young and his fellow runners number no more than several hundred on a campus of more than 40,000 people. Drake also points out that UCLA "used to have a great physical education program, but we don't anymore." UCLA is hardly alone in this regard: Phys ed programs in recent years have been sharply curtailed or eliminated at almost all colleges and universities.

Polls pointing to a dramatic increase in exercise are also misleading. Two of the most prominent are a 1977 Gallup poll in which 47% of the adults responding said they exercised daily, nearly double the 24% figure in a comparable Gallup poll in 1961, and a 1978 Louis Harris survey sponsored by Perrier in which 59% of adults told of exercising regularly. There was also a Washington Post-ABC News poll taken last October in which 53% of the respondents over 17 said they exercised "strongly each day."

But self-reported data are often suspect. The Harris poll found that while 59% claimed to exercise regularly, only 15% were active enough to achieve fitness. Some of the respondents in the Post-ABC survey who said they exercised "strongly each day" felt they got enough exercise through their jobs to satisfy the definition of that phrase; it turned out that many had relatively undemanding jobs. In 1980 the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services reviewed various poll results as part of a study on health promotion and concluded that by "generous" estimate "something over 35%" of the adult population was engaged in "appropriate physical activity." In other words, nearly two-thirds of adult Americans weren't engaged in such activity. And the figures would have been far higher for the less affluent and for children. If recounted in one of those tabloids peddled in supermarkets, the story would merit a sensational headline: **FITNESS BOOM**

**SHUNTS THE POOR. OR: SHADES OF JOAN CRAWFORD, FITNESS BOOM MISREPRESENTS ITS KIDS.**

Even when people are engaged in worthwhile exercise programs, the benefits tend to be offset by the ever-increasing sedentariness of American life. The treadmills to be found in today's health clubs are perfect symbols for what's happening: People exert themselves, but don't get anywhere. The headline for this one: **FITNESS ROOM IN TRYST WITH THE GOOD LIFE. Americans watch more TV**

even encroaches on their exercise. Businessmen who work out during the lunch hour at Baltimore's Downtown Athletic Club are chauffeured to the gym in a "fitness van"—because "their time is very limited," explains General Manager Tom Atkins. Inactivity traps people in what Matthew L. Tayback, director of Maryland's Department on Aging, calls "a self-defeating cycle in which we fulfill our notion of old age. The less we do, the less we're capable of doing."

Many of those who do exercise properly are fitter as a result. This has quite possibly contributed to a recent decline in the death rate from strokes and heart attacks, which in turn has contributed to an increase in the average American's life expectancy—from 69.7 years in 1960 to 73.2 in 1977 to a provisional figure of 74.1 in 1981. But in the main the decline in the heart-attack death rate is almost certainly attributable to advances in coronary-bypass surgery and other emergency-care procedures, even at that. The U.S. continues to have one of the world's highest such death rates. Similarly, gains in life expectancy are attributable mainly to the development of vaccines and antibiotics that have virtually eradicated many infectious diseases, such as polio and smallpox, and greatly improved the nation's infant mortality rate.

"We stamped out the communicable diseases of childhood," says Dr. Mark Crooks, a health educator who works as a corporate fitness consultant in Kansas City, Mo. "But we keep people alive so that they can die of cancer, heart disease and strokes, the degenerative diseases caused not by bacterial agents but by faulty life-style."

Because of their inactivity, Americans are unable to work off tension, properly exercise the heart and other muscles and burn off the calories they consume in gargantuan quantities. By all accounts, the typical American adult can't climb a flight of stairs without experiencing shortness of breath. More than 90 million



Heart disease, says Cantello, has become an American epidemic.

than ever and drive more and walk less. Because of the swivel chair, computer terminal and, most recently, industrial robot, they get less exercise on the job. They experience the woods without hiking (snowmobiles), the mountains without climbing (alpine slides and ski lifts) and the water without swimming (surf-making machines), and sedentariness

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## FITNESS *continued*

citizens suffer back pains. Alcohol abuse affects one-third of all homes. One-third of the population complains of sleep disorders. According to the National Center for Health Statistics, approximately a fifth of the American public is at least 20% above desirable weight. Hospital stays are getting fewer and shorter, but this may simply reflect rising medical

tually declined, and that girls seemed to be doing somewhat better on some tests, but many also agreed with Michigan's Reiff, who played a key role in administering the last two studies, that the overall results were "abysmal." A test conducted during the 1979-80 school year by the AAU and Nabisco Brands of more than four million children six through 17

authorities. The problem is not only too little exercise—the culprits in the case of children include TV and, recently, video games—but too many cigarettes, too many calories and a diet far too rich in salt and saturated fats, both of which have been linked to high blood pressure and heart attacks.

"The real American epidemic is that



*Pool health resorts, such as La Costa near San Diego, get the affluent into shape—often just temporarily—with a regimen of gourmet dining and exercise.*

costs. Per capita hospital outpatient visits, on the other hand, have increased by 98% since 1972, and the total cost of health care continues to soar, reaching \$286.6 billion in 1981—9.8% of the gross national product.

There have been three federally funded standardized fitness studies of public-school children over the past quarter of a century, and the findings are discouraging. There were significant gains in fitness between the first study in 1957-58 and the second one in 1964-65, but little or no improvement on the final battery of tests in 1974-75. Educators sighed with relief that boys' performances hadn't ac-

suggested that the picture wasn't getting any brighter; 57% of the youngsters failed to achieve standards deemed attainable by the average healthy child. And finally, a test of Michigan schoolchildren administered in 1979 by Thomas B. Gillum, then of the University of Michigan and now a health-cost consultant in the Cleveland area, found evidence of one or more of the common risk factors for heart disease—high blood cholesterol, high blood pressure, obesity and low cardiovascular fitness—already extant in 50% of the youngsters.

The link between the nation's life-style and its health problems is clear to most

every fifth man has a heart attack by age 60," says Dr. William P. Castelli, a lecturer at Harvard and director of a long-running federally funded study of heart disease in Framingham, Mass. "This is a disease that doesn't exist for three-fourths of the people on earth. But some of these people, like the Japanese, are going to blow it. Twenty-five years ago their fat intake was 25 grams a day; with wealth and Americanization some of them are up to 60 per day now. They're seeing heart attacks where they never saw them." By implication, the U.S. has already blown it: The average daily fat intake in this country is 85 grams. To Cas-

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tells, the situation is best typified by a neighbor of his who owns a sit-down lawn mower equipped with a holder for a beer can and an ashtray so that "he not only avoids exercise but takes in calories and carcinogens."

Most experts agree that the one sure-fire antidote to "life-style" disease is life-style change, such as cutting out cigarettes, making fundamental nutritional changes and following a regular and balanced exercise program. Just as important is the need to "engineer" more activity into daily life. Use stairs instead of elevators. Leave your car at the far end of the parking lot. Walk more.

The entrepreneurial spirit that fuels the fitness boom has produced a number of welcome innovations. Today's mirrored and carpeted fitness centers are certainly more inviting places than the dank, sweaty gyms of yesteryear. Classes in aerobic dance and the like have, for many devotees, actually made exercise fun, no small achievement, most authorities say such classes. If properly run, can promote cardiovascular fitness. But many of the trappings of the fitness boom amount to a triumph of style over substance. It isn't just that running shoes are purchased by people who merely want to look like joggers, or that there's a king's ransom in barbells and exercise machines rusting in the nation's attics, it's also that the public is led to believe that one shouldn't do anything without buying the right book, the right costume, the right equipment—computerized with

digital readouts, naturally.

The fitness business, much of it anyway, is a hard-sell hustle. "You're getting a lot of charlatans, strong, body-beautiful types—what have you—who don't know what they're talking about," complains Jack E. Razor, executive vice-president of the American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, Recreation, and Dance, an organization for professionals in those fields. One of the most common misrepresentations is that health can be effortless. Hence, all those sauna bells, hot pajamas and vibrating massage pillows that supposedly do the work for you. But some apostles of fitness seem more silly than anything else. An early example is Dr. Abraham L. Friedman, a specialist in treating obesity and author of the 1972 book, *How Sex Can Keep You Slim*, whose credo was "reach for your mate instead of your plate." His work inspired Mary Ann Crenshaw, author of *The Natural Way to Super Beauty*, to write, "As Dr. Friedman puts it, 'the best prescription for emotional overeating is sex, taken as directed.'" Gushes Crenshaw: "Okay, doctor, that's one I'll buy."

Many people, having been in sorry shape much of their lives, are susceptible to promises of a quick fix. Fad diets play to this impulse, and even sound nutri-

tional programs don't do much good if erratically followed.

At La Costa, the health retreat near San Diego, the tab is \$240 a day for a "spa plan" that includes exercise classes, meals based on "portion control"—less can sometimes cost more—and various massages and facials. The regimen provides some guests the catalyst they need for changing their life-styles. But La Costa also attracts silver-haired gents smoking I-got-it-made cigars who merely want to show off their young third wives. And there's only so much even such a well-appointed place can do. Recently Spa Director Ward Hutton interrupted a rapid-fire spiel about La Costa's attractions to show a visitor before-and-after photos of a frequent patron who had pared his weight from 400 to 190 pounds. The visitor asked if the man had kept the weight off. Hutton, who had already moved on to the next subject, winced. "Oh, he gained it all back, the rascal," he replied. Probable cause of the fellow's downfall: There was nobody to prepare his julienne of rutabaga for him when he was away from La Costa.

The fitness boom also has spawned its share of exercise fanatics: the price these overachievers pay includes broken marriages, wrecked careers and debilitating injuries that put them out of action, mocking the very meaning of the word fitness.

More commonly, fitness regimens don't go far enough. Working out at your friendly neighborhood Nautilus center can improve strength and muscle tone,



By exercising preventive medicine, doctors have left the fitness leadership to the likes of *Loose*



Vietnam and then nuclear energy and now health. She's an expert on *everything*." But Arends is one of the few doctors who specialize in preventive medicine. Most physicians are attuned more to dealing with crises, more to mending

*Taking its cue from chrome-and-glass health clubs, the Y in Washington, D.C., has opened this sleek building with upscale fees for upscale folk.*



but most responsible exercise physiologists reject the claim by Nautilus aficionados that it can also foster cardiovascular fitness, a benefit derived, it's generally agreed, from running, cycling, stair climbing, rope jumping, and swimming. Conversely, Colonel James L. Anderson, physical education director at West Point, believes that a recent increase in shoulder injuries among cadets is an indication that they've been so involved in aerobic activities that they've neglected their upper-body strength. Sports also provide only a partial answer. One drawback is that they stoke the competitive fires from which properly planned exercise offers much-needed respite. Even those sports with conditioning value—basketball, tennis, etc.—are stop-and-go activities and are thus less helpful than sustained aerobic exercise. And some sports aren't very helpful at all. "There's a terrible misconception about fitness," says Dr. Harold Reitan, a social psychologist who manages the Adolph Coors Company's wellness program in Golden, Colo. "People say, 'I bowl, I play softball, I'm fit.' These things are more socialization than exercise."

The medical profession's contributions to promoting sounder diet and exercise habits are disconcertingly limited. "What does Jane Fonda know?" demands Dr. Joseph Arends, a Troy, Mich. cardiologist. "First she's an expert on

hearts than to keeping them healthy.

An editorial in the March 1981 issue of *Preventive Medicine* magazine criticized the medical profession for a "noteworthy failure to implement health promotion in clinical practice [or] to offer advice concerning exercise, nutrition, substance abuse, stress, and health habits." A major complaint is that many doctors find it easier and more profitable to prescribe Valium than to help patients deal more meaningfully with stress. Castelli of the Framingham Heart Study says, "Physicians aren't into preventive medicine and that's our problem. We teach preventive medicine in all the med schools, but just give it lip service. It all becomes diagnostic treatment."

Refusing to follow the lead of the American Heart Association and other groups that urge restrictions on the intake of cholesterol, the American Medical Association takes the position that patients should rely instead on dietary

advice based on specific medical examination. Trouble is, doctors don't routinely provide such advice. If Jane Fonda is front and center when it comes to fitness, says Castelli, it's because "we've abandoned the subject to her."

In this fitness wilderness, it's the less affluent who are most likely to lose their way. The common images of athletically

lean ghetto youths and rock-hard factory workers are nothing more than stereotypes. Michigan's Reiff, who has conducted studies of fitness among inner-city children, says that while they may tend to walk more and play more schoolyard basketball, these pluses are offset by inferior school physical education facilities and poor diets. As for factory workers, the exercise they get on the job—if they have jobs—has been eroded by automation. Yet recent studies indicate that because production line workers tend to have less scheduling flexibility, they often suffer more stress than executives in supposedly high-pressure jobs.

In spite of that last fact, the nation's burgeoning corporate fitness movement has been pretty much geared to executives. Although a growing number of firms, believing that fitness programs can reduce both absenteeism and employee health insurance costs, have begun opening them to lower-echelon workers, prog-

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ress in that direction has been slowed by the recent recession. Dennis Colacino, head of PepsiCo's fitness program and president of the American Association of Fitness Directors in Business and Industry, is bothered by the implications of making fitness contingent on better financial times. "It makes you wonder how committed these companies really are," Colacino says. "A lot of them look upon the company gym as a perk, as if it were some sort of country club." In defense of these corporations, it should be noted that a lot of workers—and their unions—

confronting lower-income people "To tell the poor that fitness is beyond them is a copout," says Dr. William H.B. Howard, director of Union Memorial Hospital's Sports Medicine Center in Baltimore. "Sneakers are cheap as dirt." But Howard also says that most people get a motivational boost from belonging to a health club. He says, "After you spend your money to join the damn things, you say, 'Hey, I don't want to waste my money. And I might as well go.'" The fact is that health club memberships aren't cheap as dirt. For that matter, neither are

ing rinks, tennis courts and day camps than black and Hispanic neighborhoods.

Reductions in public funding of fitness programs have occurred at every level. The Reagan Administration's budget cutters have made less money available for state and municipal recreation programs. That has exacerbated local budgetary shortfalls that, for example, resulted in Providence's being able to provide recreation personnel last summer at only 24 of its 59 playgrounds and Boston's firing one-third of its recreation staffers. Tightening the belt even slightly can exact a toll on recreation and fitness, a fact underscored when Seattle's financially strapped parks department recently began imposing a \$1 per person user fee on participants in city softball and basketball leagues. That's less than the cost of a movie or a few go-rounds at a video arcade, but imposition of the fee was followed by dropoffs in participation of as much as 24% in some softball leagues and more than 50% in basketball.

Austerity measures in public schools are having an even greater, and potentially more lasting, impact. Public education has been severely neglected in recent times, because of the budget crunch and declining enrollments as post-World War II baby-boomers have grown into adulthood. As a consequence there has been a hue and cry about whether the U.S. will have the math, science and computer skills needed for coping with the demands of tomorrow's high-tech economy; President Reagan called in last week's State of the Union speech for an upgrading of math and science education. But few non-educators seem to have noticed—and some in the education field don't appear to care—that physical education, which will also have something to do with that ability to cope, has been even harder hit. One who does care, Ted Grenda, director of general education for the New York State Education Department, calls phys ed "the most important subject in our school system," and warns, "If you don't have a healthy child, you can't instruct a healthy child."

In recent years elementary schools have cut back phys ed instruction—often by turning it over to already beleaguered classroom teachers—while a growing number of high schools have made phys ed optional. One rationale for this last development was that optional P.E.

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*Flexibility, strength and endurance are the goals of the phys ed program at Lyons Township High*

aren't sold on physical fitness, either.

The 104 favored employees who work at the corporate headquarters of The Signal Companies in La Jolla, Calif. have their own swimming pool, two tennis courts and a weight room. By contrast, the 5,000 workers at the economically distressed main assembly plant of Mack Truck, Inc., a Signal subsidiary in Allentown, Pa., have no fitness program, no exercise facilities. Mack's board chairman, A.W. Pelletier, and Eugene McCafferty, president of UAW Local 677, which represents Mack's workers, offer explanations that sound interchangeable. Pelletier: "We'd like to be able to afford a fitness program, but in these economic times, that's not possible." McCafferty: "A fitness program is a 'no-no.' You can't take blood out of a stone."

But this isn't to ignore the obstacles

sneakers for, say, a fatherless family of six children.

The fitness game is rigged against the less affluent in many ways. Even the Y has gone upscale; it has been opening fitness palaces like the ultramodern two-year-old cost YWCA in downtown Washington, D.C., which caters to a business and government crowd able to pay the \$50 or more a month it can cost to work out there regularly. Meanwhile, public parks, playgrounds and school facilities in poorer neighborhoods tend to be scarcer and more antiquated than those elsewhere. Last November the Justice Department filed an unprecedented lawsuit charging the Chicago Park District with non-willful discrimination under the 1974 Housing and Community Development Act on grounds that white neighborhoods had more and better skating



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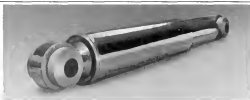


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classes would force teachers "to innovate, to try to make it attractive." In the words of Gary A. Norton, principal of Irvine (Calif.) High, Norton goes on to say, however, that California's decision seven years ago to scrap mandatory phys ed for high school juniors and seniors has been a flop. Barely half of Irvine High's upper-classmen bother to enroll in P.E., and fitness and jogging classes have been canceled for lack of interest.

Among those schools still running sound P.E. programs is Lyons Township High in LaGrange, Ill., a middle-class suburb of Chicago. Superintendent John L. Bristol says the objective is to give the

week weight-training course combines strength with cardiovascular conditioning. The students learn about heart rate. Each one is required to take swimming twice. It's a broad program."

It's a melancholy fact that the current adult-oriented fitness boom can be said to have its roots in a movement that emphasized the importance of youth fitness. That movement began in 1956 when President Dwight Eisenhower, concerned about results of fitness tests showing American schoolchildren lagging far behind their Austrian, Swiss and Italian counterparts, founded the President's Council on Youth Fitness as part

of football Coach Bud Wilkinson to head the council. The economy was robust, and because of the baby boom the schools were bursting at the seams. There were efforts to give phys ed real meaning: more calisthenics, more running, more strength training, all taught by more P.E. specialists. In 1965, President Lyndon Johnson was able to crow about "whole-some and welcome" gains in youth fitness, though he also said that "the job was far from finished." In point of fact, the job was very nearly finished. It was that year, remember, that youth fitness tests showed significant improvement for the last time. Though the fact wasn't recognized then, the youth fitness crusade was already grading to a halt.

A combination of forces brought about this unhappy result. Some observers suggest that the quick success of the fitness drive bred complacency or that national attention was diverted to other issues, such as Vietnam. Substantial numbers of phys ed teachers, especially older ones, resisted the fitness push because they interpreted it—accurately, in some cases—as implying that they hadn't been doing a good job. Certain liberals who have no problem with compulsory math or English have objected to mandatory P.E. on grounds that it was a veiled form of Hitlerism, and they were joined by conservatives who objected on fiscal grounds. Eventually, the baby boom ended and there were fewer people concerned with schools. Indeed, P.E. is considered a frill even by some teachers and administrators, many of whom wouldn't dream of telling a student, "See me during algebra," but who will say, "See me during gym."

Of course, because of various curriculum changes in P.E., those teachers may be justified in refusing to take gym programs seriously. The changes include such trendy innovations as "movement education," which is designed to promote socializing, longer attention spans and the like more than physical conditioning. In another progressive P.E. activity, students stand in a circle and play catch with Nerf balls.

Similar objections can be raised about team-oriented athletics, which gave some ground to individualized fitness-oriented P.E. activities in the late '50s and early '60s, but soon reasserted their primacy. A strong school athletic program can devel-



President Eisenhower, an avid golfer, drew the nation's eye to its out-of-shape youth.

school's 3,700 students "the wherewithal to become physically fit." The program develops flexibility, strength and endurance with liberal doses of calisthenics, running, swimming and fun. Students are tested—not against one another but against themselves—to assure that they're making progress. They're taught the basic principles of nutrition and conditioning.

"Fitness is integrated here," says Lyons Township's phys ed and health chairman, Jo Mancuso. "Someone can't just take volleyball—next term it's swimming. They can select, but there's fitness throughout the program. Our nine-

of a national campaign to whip the younger generation into shape. "The test that shocked the President," as it came to be known, was co-administered by Dr. Hans Kraus (SI, Aug. 15, 1955), who continues to espouse a hard line on the subject of physical education. "They say children don't want to exercise," says Kraus, a Manhattan physician who at 77 still goes rock climbing and cross-country skiing. "Fine—make them do it. You can't expect a 5-year-old or 6-year-old to understand."

The youth fitness crusade made headway under both Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy, who appointed Oklahoma

op sports skills, showcase excellence and generate student and community spirit, but it also has a way of gobbling up physical education. The problem is that administrators, parents and the local press are often more interested in what happens in the gym on Friday nights than during school hours. As with phys ed, varsity sports have suffered budgetary cutbacks resulting in the widespread hiring of non-faculty coaches, in "pay-for-play" schemes under which athletes are charged fees for participation and in measures to cut travel costs, including, in California, a state law that permits high school athletes to drive themselves to away games. Unlike phys ed, sports programs are often rescued by booster clubs and the sort of Save Our Sports campaign being conducted in Maryland's Prince Georges County, where interscholastic athletics have come under the budget knife. While those same budgetary pressures and lower enrollments have resulted in up to 50 phys ed teachers losing their jobs, there has been no Save Our Gym Classes campaign.

When phys ed programs are based too heavily on sports, the teachers often become mere "ball rollers" who don't understand physiology or health. In such programs, the talented few flourish while the many often grow discouraged and get turned off to all physical activity by age 13 or 14. This helps explain why 12-year-olds often perform better on fitness tests than 15-year-olds. "When you adopt sport as the curriculum for physical education, you're adopting things that go with it, such as the will to win," says Jack Berryman, associate professor of kinesiology at the University of Washington. "Then the cream rises to the top. But we must deal with all the students. What if we taught our math and English classes this way?"

In a well-intentioned effort to come to grips with the fact that few people play team sports beyond their early teens, many schools have, as an alternative, taken to teaching otherwise worthwhile lifetime activities that, unfortunately, have little to do with physical conditioning. At a lot of schools kids aren't even changing clothes for gym class. Last year, one of the lifetime activities at Proviso East High in Maywood, Ill. caused a stir in state education circles and was finally shelved. The curriculum had allowed

some Proviso East students—and this during a fitness boom, remember—to play pinocle in P.E. class.

In some of the larger cities, social and economic problems have all but killed P.E. In Boston there were 199 phys ed teachers in 1978; now there are 126. There are just four P.E. specialists for the city's 97 elementary schools; they move



Hollister pushed fitness at the 1960s.

from school to school, doing their best to "educate" 30,000 students. Some high school classes have 70 students per teacher. "In classes that size there's nothing to be done for the student," says Tom E. Moran, the school system's senior P.E. adviser and former director of physical education, health and sports. "Teachers have to deal with attendance." Security problems, Moran adds, result in personnel's being spread even thinner because "we have to have teachers policing the locker rooms."

The agency created by Ike in 1956 has since undergone two name changes. The original title, the President's Council on Youth Fitness, was amended in 1963 to the President's Council on Physical Fitness—the "youth" was dropped—and to its present form, the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, in 1968. It's more than a coincidence that it was during the same period in which the name changes were adopted that the national focus of fitness began to shift from youth and to become tied more securely than ever to sports.

The council has certainly taken an expanding view of its mission, with the result that its approach sometimes seems indiscriminate. C. Carson (Casey) Conrad, its chipper, determinedly upbeat executive director for the last 12 years, ceaselessly applauds the fact that there are 30 million participants in organized out-of-school sports programs, never mind that these programs have taken much of the spontaneity out of child's play, that some of them (e.g., Little League baseball) don't have much fitness value, that some of those that do (e.g., youth soccer) aren't lifetime activities, and that most of them are run by parents who often don't know much about conditioning and whose involvement assures that the programs will be confined largely to middle-class youngsters. "Parental involvement?" says Conrad, dismissing any and all such objections. "That's not bad at all."

Instead of complaining about the cuts in fitness-related public funding, Conrad tries to wring money out of industry. It's a sign of the times, though, that corporate sponsors tend to shy away from youth fitness and seek promotional tie-ins with adult activities, like marathons. One exception is General Foods, which promotes its Post cereal line by giving athletic and exercise equipment to schools in exchange for proof-of-purchase coupons and which last summer offered free admission to Los Angeles' public swimming pools to children producing wrappers from Kool-Aid packages. Of course, the appropriateness of such an association with Kool-Aid, a product not ordinarily thought of as promoting fitness, might be questioned. Indeed, commercialization is a tricky business all around. The National Dairy Council, a nominally independent body heavily financed by farm

continued

groups and the dairy industry, disseminates educational material on nutrition that pointedly neglects to suggest that readers might want to restrict their intake of eggs, whole milk and butter. On the contrary, a booklet for high school coaches and athletes distributed by state dairy associations makes a point of saying that fat in food carries vitamins, "provides a concentrated form of calories . . . and makes a meal more satisfying." Because the U.S. consumes more fat per capita than almost any other nation,

philosophy that would leave everything, fitness included, to market forces. Recently Conrad himself struck an uncharacteristically negative note when, during an interview in his office, he was asked how today's unfit schoolchildren can possibly be expected to keep the current fitness boom going when they become adults.

After a long pause, Conrad, shaking his head, said, "I've always told school boards that all they're doing is delaying the cost. A lot of people who start running as adults are limited because they

the fitness boom come largely from the same ranks. This much is certain: This generation of Americans is experiencing what amounts to its second fitness boom. There's nothing wrong with that except that the following generations aren't experiencing their first one.

The suggestion is heard that sound health practices will eventually "trickle down" to those socioeconomic groups not yet touched by the fitness boom, but there's little evidence of this happening. It has also been suggested that once today's generation of children begin developing middle-age spread, they'll start running and pumping iron, too. This is by no means certain, either. As even Conrad implied, not having experienced fitness as children or having learned how to achieve it, they could well remain on the sidelines. The fitness boom, none too sturdy an edifice, is built on an even shakier foundation.

Might the time have come to scare the hell out of people? In addition to the report that alarmed like, the youth fitness push in the mid-'50s was fueled by Cold War fears that little Johnny might not be able to beat little Ivan in arm wrestling. The outbreak of World Wars I and II inspired earlier youth fitness efforts. One would think that the nation's current heart-attack rate, astronomical medical bill and sagging economic productivity would be sufficient to have a similar effect today. Underscoring the misplaced emphasis of the fitness boom, Berryman says, "If we ran our physical education classes the way they should be run, there wouldn't be a need for many of the private fitness places other than a social one. If people learned about exercise, they could stay fit on their own."

The current situation can be summed up with the very words that were used in a progress report in the May 26, 1958 issue of this magazine on the U.S.'s new youth fitness movement. SI acknowledged that much had been accomplished by schools, communities, the medical profession and the education establishment in the two years since Ike had launched that crusade. But the report also concluded that there was still a fitness problem and that the situation gave cause more for "serious reflection than for congratulation." That was 25 years and a couple of fitness booms ago. Some things, sadly, don't seem to change. **END**



*This 1961 calisthenics class, at a Muskogee, Okla. grade school, was typical of its day.*

that pitch hardly seemed appropriate. By accentuating the positive, Conrad obviously hopes to create a bandwagon effect that will somehow spread the fitness ethic more widely. But he freely admits he could just as easily "scare the hell out of people." In fact, the council hasn't been entirely Pollyannaish. It warned in 1979 that insofar as fitness was concerned, the gap between the affluent and the less well-off was such that the U.S. was in danger of evolving into "two separate and distinct societies." It also talks about the need for "planned" programs, thereby implicitly criticizing both its own piecemeal, almost anything-goes approach and the prevailing political phi-

haven't had proper fitness programs. Children need exercise. When they don't get it, we take away the natural order."

The real, if fleeting, progress that the schools made toward restoring the natural order in the late '50s and early '60s is still paying dividends. The baby-boom youngsters who were of school age—five to 17—in 1960 are now 28 to 40; that's the age group that's at the cutting edge of the present fitness boom. It's tempting to think that those who had the strongest P.E. programs are the ones who today know what they're doing. Although it can't be proved, the suspicion also exists that those non-white and non-middle-class individuals who are participating in



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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 24-30

Compiled by BRUCE ANDERSON

**PRO BASKETBALL**—Mark Aguirre, the contending Phoenix Suns, fared only as his average when he scored 43 in career highs in 32 points, respectively. Dallas beat Indiana 134-120 and Kansas City 125-115. The two won as the Mavericks victory streak to five games, a franchise record. The Mavs, who then lost to New Jersey 115-110, also beat Jackson Houston 119-112 but lost ground to San Antonio in the Midwest Division race. The Spurs swept Utah 118-106, Indiana 143-138 and New Jersey 110-109 as Austin Gilmore scored 40 and 39 points, respectively, in the first two games and blew nine shots in the last. While Phoenix Division leading Los Angeles never trailed Portland in a 125-122 victory, the Lakers had to overcome a seven-point deficit in the final 4:11 to beat Milwaukee 115-111. The Bucks welcomed back Bob Lanier from an injury on the injury roster in a 115-103 win over San Diego. Lanier, who had undergone arthroscopic surgery on his right knee, scored only four points in this game. Not to worry. Mervyn Johnson had 22 for the Central Division leaders. Philadelphia was perfect—as usual. The Sixers, winners in four straight outtings, beat Chicago 114-98, Phoenix 113-102, Kansas City 114-99 and Utah 126-109.

**BOWLING**—TON MILTON defeated Don Gensale 2-0 to win his first PGA tournament, a \$150,000 event in Las Vegas.

**BOXING**—DAVEY MOORE knocked out Gary Gardner in the fourth round to retain his WBA junior middleweight title in Atlantic City.

**PRO FOOTBALL**—The Washington Redskins beat the Miami Dolphins 27-17 to win Super Bowl XVII in Pasadena (page 16)

**OLYMPICS**—BOB GILDER buried the 10th hole of a sudden-death playoff to beat Ben Cakwell and win the \$150,000 Phoenix Open. Gilder, Caldwell, Johnny Miller and Mark O'Meara finished the tournament tied at 271, 13 under par.

**PAT BRAWLEY** won a \$150,000 LPGA tournament at Deerfield Beach, Fla. by shooting a 64-under-par 272, seven strokes better than Beth Daniel.

**HOCKEY**—Boston and Philadelphia ended the week on a tie for the NHL points lead, with 13, after each received sterling work from its goalie. Boston's Pete Peters extended his unbeaten streak to 29 games as the Adams Division-leading Bruins beat the New York Rangers 1-0 and Detroit 1-0. Against the Red Wings, rookie Left Wing Luc Dalbey scored his first NHL hat trick. "It was my choice, I'd love to stay," said Flyer rookie Goaltender Bob Froese, who was brought up from the Maine Mariners in January to replace the injured Pelle Lindbergh. He received more than welcome in Philadelphia after posting his record to 8-0 with wins over New Jersey (3-1) and Winnipeg (3-2) before settling for a 3-2 tie against Minnesota. The Flyers ended the week nine points ahead of the New York Islanders in the Patrick Division, despite the Isles' victories over Los Angeles (6-4), Vancouver (5-3) and Edmonton (4-2). Mike Bossy scored his 21st career hat trick against the Kings. Against Seattle Division-leading Edmonton, the Islanders stopped the league's top power-play attack five times. Stomping Chicago, still seven points ahead of the North Stars in the Norris Division, ended its malaise against the New York Rangers, winning 5-0 after a 2-1 defeat at the hands of Vancouver and a 6-2 beating by Buffalo.

**INNOVATIVE SOCCER**—Andy Chapman had two game-winning goals—both in overtime—to preserve Wichita's share of first in the Weyers Division. He scored 5:43 into OT to give the Wings a 4-3 win over Chelsea Bay and 1:03 into overtime for a 2-1 victory over Los Angeles. San Diego stayed tied with the Wings by edging Chicago 6-5 and damping the Wings' 4-0 advantage, the Kansas Division leader, but 1-0 to Phoenix when the Inferno scored its unanswered goal in the last quarter.

**TENNIS**—JOSE-LUIS CLERIC defeated Miss Winder 3-6, 7-5, 6-1 to win the \$25,000 Hollywood Classic in Guarapuá, Brazil.

IVAN LENDI beat Guillermo Vilas 7-5, 6-2, 2-6, 6-4 to win a \$250,000 WCT event in Detroit.

In the finale of a \$100,000 tournament on Marco Island, Fla., ANDREA JAEGER beat Hans Mandl 6-0, 6-1, 6-3.

**TRACK & FIELD**—At the Millrose Games in New York, RAY SHARP walked a mile in 5:46.21 to cut 1.18 seconds off the world indoor record set by Jim Hesting in 1982.

STEPHANIE HIGHTOWER clipped 60 seconds off her year-old U.S. women's record by running the 400-meter hurdles in 1:42 seconds in Louisville.

**MILPOETS**—HIRED: As coach of the Seattle Seahawks, CHUCK KNICK, 55, who had managed the job before as coach of the Buffalo Bills, Knick had a 51-51-1 record as coach of the Bills (1978-82) and the Los Angeles Rams (1973-77).

As football coach at Iowa State, JIM CRINER, 42, who in seven years at Boone State led the Broncos to a 35-21-1 record, two Big Sky championships and one NCAA Division I-AA title, LYLE STEINLICH, 37, the defensive coordinator at Boone State for the last three seasons, will replace Criner.

RESIGNED: As coach of the Hartford Whalers, LARRY KISH, 41, whose team was 12-32-5 so far this season. He was replaced for the rest of the season by LARRY PLEAU, 36, a former Whaler coach who is the Whalers' director of operations.

SIGNED: By the California Angels, free-agent Outfielder ELLIS VALENTINE, 28, most recently of the New York Mets, to a one-year contract for a reported \$325,000 in eight major league seasons he has batted .281 and hit 108 home runs.

By the Washington Bullets, free-agent Guard RICKY SGBERS, 33, who in seven NBA seasons has averaged 14.0 points a game. The Chicago Bulls, the NBA team for whom SGBERS most recently played, received two second-round draft picks in signing compensation.

TRADED: By the Chicago White Sox, pitcher STEVE TROUT, 25, and WARREN BRUSTAR, 31, to the Chicago Cubs for pitchers CHUCK TIDWELL, 25, and RANDY MARTZ, 26, Third Baseman PAT TABLER, 25, and Shortstop SCOTT FLETCHER, 24.

By the Golden Bay Earthquakes, Forward GORDON HILL, 28, and Melbauer GARY ETHELINGTON, 24, to the New York Asters, for Forward STEVE ZUNGUL, 28, the NHL MVP in each of the league's past four seasons.

DIED: Former college football Coach PAUL WILLIAM (Bear) RIVANT, 69, of a heart attack in Tuscaloosa, Ala., only 28 days after his retirement following 25 years as the Alabama coach. In 38 seasons at Maryland, Kentucky, Texas A&M and Auburn, Bryant became the winningest college football coach ever, leading his teams to a 323-85-17 record, 15 Bowl victories in a record 29 appearances and six national championships, three outright and three shared. Fifty-four of his players were All-Americans, one, John David Crow, won a Heisman Trophy and another, Bob Giam, an Outland Trophy. Forty-seven more who played or coached under Bryant became head college or pro coaches.

DEL RICE, 60, a former catcher who batted .327 and hit 79 home runs in two major-league 17-year major league career (1948-61). The Major League Manager of the Year in 1971. Rice was skipper of the California Angels in '72, guiding them to a 75-80 mark. He also played two years of baseball as a guard with the Rochester Royals.

## \* CREDITS \*

41—Manny Mota, 51—Barry Bonds, 52—Manny Mota, 53—Tony Tomlin, 54—George Tsypkin, 55—Walter Jones, 56—Jerry Wachter, 57—Manny Mota, 58—Manny Mota, 59—Manny Mota, 60—Manny Mota, 61—Manny Mota, 62—Manny Mota, 63—Manny Mota, 64—Manny Mota, 65—Manny Mota, 66—Manny Mota, 67—Manny Mota, 68—Manny Mota, 69—Manny Mota, 70—Manny Mota, 71—Manny Mota, 72—Manny Mota, 73—Manny Mota, 74—Manny Mota, 75—Manny Mota, 76—Manny Mota, 77—Manny Mota, 78—Manny Mota, 79—Manny Mota, 80—Manny Mota, 81—Manny Mota, 82—Manny Mota, 83—Manny Mota, 84—Manny Mota, 85—Manny Mota, 86—Manny Mota, 87—Manny Mota, 88—Manny Mota, 89—Manny Mota, 90—Manny Mota, 91—Manny Mota, 92—Manny Mota, 93—Manny Mota, 94—Manny Mota, 95—Manny Mota, 96—Manny Mota, 97—Manny Mota, 98—Manny Mota, 99—Manny Mota, 100—Manny Mota.

# FACES IN THE CROWD



**KAREEM PICKERING**  
New York City

Kareem, who runs for the Avoca Track Club, broke the U.S. 55-meter record for 8-year-olds with a time of 8.0 seconds at the Colgate Women's Games in Brooklyn. A week later he set an Elementary A record of 29.6 seconds in the 100 meters.



**JO ANN OSTERKAMP**  
Cincinnati

Osterkamp, a 5'10" junior guard at Xavier University, broke the Lady Masketers' career record of 1,230 points when she scored 31 in a 78-65 defeat of Wayne State. After 17 games this season she has a scoring average of 20.7.



**SCOTTY WRIGHT**  
Vail, Colo.

Scotty, a senior tailback and linebacker at Vian High, led the Wolverines to a 45-9 mark over the last four seasons by zipping for 6,014 yards and averaging 8.76 yards per carry. He scored 95 TDs and had 100 or more yards in 34 games.



**HYSTON DWYER**  
Riverside, Jamaica

Dwyer, a freshman and an NCAA Division I All-American sweep at Dayton's Wright State, led the 13-4-1 Raider soccer team's defense, which had an 0.81 goals-against average. He even scored three goals, two of them game-winners.



**MARVIN SKADBERG**  
Queens, N.Y.

Skadberg, 44, an Off-Track Betting shop manager, covered 176 miles, 346 yards in the CIC Indoor 48-Hour Footrace in Haverford, Pa., breaking the U.S. Masters record by 5.7 miles. Ten times he has run more than 100 miles in 24 hours.



**ANNA ENDEALE**  
St. Paul

Anna, a sophomore at Como Park High, defeated Jennifer Roberts of Cincinnati 21-18, 11-21, 31-8 (breakers) to win the 15-and-under girls' title in the U.S. Handball Association National Junior series just one year after she took up the sport.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## PROPOSAL 48

Sir,

As a black, I found the comments attributed to black educators in your editorial (SCORECARD, Jan. 24) on the NCAA's Proposal 48 very disturbing. Their statements should not be construed as a reflection of the general attitudes of the black community. I believe blacks have nothing to fear and much to gain from equal competition in educational or athletic matters. Instead of using the proposal to discriminate against blacks, black educators should welcome it as another opportunity to refute the allegations of some racists.

Unquestionably, there is cultural bias in the Scholastic Aptitude Test and the American College Test; however, the amount of bias has been reduced to a point approaching statistical insignificance. Based upon the attitudes attributed to black educators in your article, one could easily conclude that the primary reason for poor performance of black student-athletes is black educators. If black educators persist in the kind of nonsense presented in your article, it will become cause for non-support of black institutions.

HERBERT F. SMITH II  
Alexandria, Va.

Sir,

The saving grace for Proposal 48 is Proposal 49b, which also passed and which stipulates that a school may still award scholarships to athletes who don't meet the requirements of Proposal 48, provided the school postpones the commencement of the athletes' varsity eligibility until they have acceptably completed their freshman academic program. Good move. Student-athletes will have an opportunity to enter college, concentrate on the books and prove that they are college material more reliably than any test scores ever will. And the schools will be making an honorable full year's investment in an athlete before using him as box office bait.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of this clause is that because of it black athletes and black schools will not be effectively eliminated from NCAA competition. Whether this clause was adopted for precisely that reason raises an interesting question, but not a crucial one. Far more important is the protecting of our talented youth from exploitation on the one hand and from handicapped futures on the other. The NCAA's motives as well as its solutions are still questionable, but it can at least be commended for opening up this can of worms. It is now up to all of us to keep it open and deal with it.

SHELLEY L. MOORE  
Brooklyn

Sir,

It is evident that there is a major problem with collegiate athletics, but the answer to it is not Proposal 48. The solution is to once again declare all freshmen ineligible for varsity sports and use their first academic year as a standard for eligibility. This would not only help athletes concentrate on being students, but it would also alleviate some of the recruiting hype currently brought to bear on high school seniors.

As for Dr. Randolph's potshot at non-athletic admission standards: I've yet to hear about a musician or cheerleader who graduated from college reading at the third-grade level. I can't say the same for the college jock.

ZACHARY SMITH  
Detroit, Texas

Sir,

According to black educators, the shortcoming of the newly adopted NCAA academic requirements is that they will have a discriminatory and devastating effect on the black athlete. Blacks opposed to the plan are not opposed because the NCAA is dealing with the problem of the exploited and undereducated student-athlete. The opposition stems instead from the particular method employed by the NCAA.

For years blacks have contended that the admissions tests used by academic institutions are culturally biased and therefore inherently unreliable. Blacks historically have scored lower than whites on these "standardized" tests. Because of this, colleges generally do not make test scores the sole or determining factor for admission. Of overriding significance is the fact that standardized test scores have often proved to be an unreliable barometer for predicting success in college, especially as applied to the black student. Although proponents of the NCAA plan argue that these standards are only for the purpose of determining athletic eligibility in the first year in reality college coaches, under pressure to win, will not award many scholarships to students who cannot make an immediate contribution to the victory column.

Let's not blindly accept this NCAA proposal. The general idea is fine, but the suggested guidelines are discriminatory. The opportunity to succeed must not be denied by dependence on a biased measure. Let's go back to the drawing board and establish standards that are fair for all.

ROBERT E. WALLACE JR.  
Attorney for the  
St. Louis Football Cardinals  
Guttfeld Petzell & Shoemaker  
St. Louis

## BOXER VS. KARATE MAN

Sir,

Thank you for Bob Ottum's fine article on PKA karate (Not Just a Lot of Kicks, Jan. 24). With it comes recognition of our years of hard work as athletes.

Allow me to clarify a reply attributed to me in the article in answer to the question: "Say we throw a boxer and a full-contact karate man into the same ring. Who wins?" I am quoted as saying, "I've got absolutely no chance against Michael Spinks." I meant that if we were to go hands only, with no kicks allowed, I would have no chance. Under PKA rules, I would obviously have an excellent chance. We're talking about two different sports and two different sets of rules. Sure, the Steelers' Jack Lambert might reduce Pelt to chipped beef on the gridiron, but quite a different outcome would occur on the soccer field.

KERRY (SUPERKICK) ROOP  
PKA World Light Heavyweight  
Champion  
Rechester, Mich.

## OSCAR CRONK &amp; CO.

Sir,

Since I don't consider hunting a sport, I persuaded myself not to read Sam Moses' article *On the Track of the Car* (Jan. 24). However, during one of my long bus trips to and from New York City each day, I exhausted my supply of reading material and was forced to peruse the article. What a pleasant surprise! I was rooting for the bobcat all the way.

MICHAEL N. CASTELLANO  
Livingston, N.J.

Sir,

As a little girl growing up in Aroostook County in northern Maine, I had several great-uncles who were hunters and trappers like Oscar Cronk. It was a Sunday morning ritual for my father and me to go check bear traps with my great-uncle Harry. It was not unusual for Uncle Harry to have bear cubs or wolverine in his front yard. Not only was he a great trapper, but he was also a good hunter and fisherman. The article brought home to me the tradition of a sturdy, no-nonsense Yankee heritage.

PRUDY SEARL  
Bremerton, Wash.

Sir,

Sam Moses' article was a genuine account of what hunting is all about: a good hunter, his loyal and enthusiastic dog, and an "elusive-as-a-ghost" quarry. Let's hope Joe DeFalco ("Hey You Wanna Deer?" Jan. 10) and his followers with their arsenal of rifles, side-band radios and "expert" methods don't

continued

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## 10TH HOLE continued

cide to try bobcat hunting. If they do, Oscar Creek and his dog Emerson may soon find themselves hunting nothing but ghosts.

GERRY CROWNOVER  
Manchester, Tenn.

Sir:

Had the story on Joe DeFalco appeared in a hunting magazine, Robert H. Boyle would have received an award. DeFalco has gone out of his way to instruct people: If you shoot an animal, eat it, don't let it go to waste. DeFalco has also helped thousands of troubled youngsters by teaching them that it is better to shoot guns for sport than to shoot needles into their arms. DeFalco is a legend in the world of hunting and a credit to the sport. The people whose letters you have printed attacking him (10TH HOLE, Jan. 24 et seq.) don't comprehend what he has done for hunting.

DE COSTA HEADLEY  
Director

Community Alliance for Youth Action  
Brooklyn

Sir:

Sixteen pages of glorified murder—deer and bobcat hunting—in a so-called sports magazine within the space of three weeks? I've had it! Please cancel my subscription.

PHILIPPE ARONSON  
Greenville, N.C.

## OFF THE BEATEN PATH

Sir:

Bill Gilbert's piece on the wanderings of Captain William Drummond Stewart ("That Was Old Grr in Him," Jan. 17) was captivating. I have often sat gazing out my office window wishing for a time machine to transport me back to the era of open spaces, big skies and roaming buffalo. Gilbert is a better writer than geographer, however. He states, "Stewart roamed from . . . Taos in what is now New Mexico to the outposts of the British at the mouth of the Columbia River in what is now British Columbia." The last time I crossed the Columbia near its mouth it was smack-dab on the Washington-Oregon border, a "right fur piece" from British Columbia.

ART SCHULENEMANN  
Olympia, Wash.

Sir:

First it was a bunch of dumb otters (The Utterly Delightful Otter, Dec. 13). Then came a ridiculous piece on cigar-box art (Art That Was Simply Perfecto, Dec. 27-Jan. 3). Now you've again strayed from the more traditional areas of sport to report on a Captain Stewart. Come on, SI, what's next? Girls in bathing suits? Well, all right.

DOUGLAS LUTHER  
Walla Walla, Wash.

• Swimmers coming up next week —ED

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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